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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications ; and to this rule we can make no exception.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The enthusiastic loyalty of the Empire has concentrated itself, as is natural, in the Imperial Metropolis. It was at its height this week, in the demonstrations marking the Queen's visit to London. There was much to appeal to the people's imagination. The *eikon basilike* is much in itself. It was then appealing to the crowds through several acts of personal grace. They were thinking of the Queen's abandoned journey to Italy and the decision to visit Ireland ; and of her recognition of the gallantry of the Irish soldiers by the Army Order that the shamrock shall be worn on their national Saint's day. Then Mr. Balfour had spoken in the House of Commons of the probability of forming an Irish Guard. Irish gallantry, for a reason which needs no explanation, has gone home to the heart of the nation and it is glad that through the Sovereign Ireland has secured a triple recognition of her national claims. The Empire's difficulty has proved Ireland's opportunity in a manner as unexpected as undesired by the Irish irreconcilables who have long preached from that text. Recognition too long delayed has now been granted and the Nationalist case becomes so much the poorer for a grievance redressed.

After General Cronje's surrender news was eagerly awaited of expected engagements with the Boer forces that had been foiled in their attempts to relieve him. Early on 7 March Lord Roberts advanced from his headquarters at Osfontein against the enemy who had established themselves a few miles to the east in strongly entrenched and cunningly arranged positions extending four miles north of the Modder and eleven miles to the south. Lord Roberts repeated the tactics of Magersfontein by making a wide turning movement on the enemy's left flank with the Cavalry Division and the Horse Artillery. The day was successful, the enemy were completely routed and fled to the north and east. Even the presence of Presidents Kruger and Steyn failed to avert the disaster. Lord Roberts established his headquarters at Poplar Drift about twenty-five miles east of Paardeberg. The infantry took little part in the actual fighting and the

casualties were small. The Boers now appear to have abandoned Natal and General Buller has sent a reconnoitring party towards Van Reenen's Pass along the Harrismith Railway. At Dordrecht and Colesberg the Boers are being pressed steadily northwards.

The House of Commons was not so crowded on Monday as might have been expected, considering the enormous deficit that had to be provided for. The benches were fuller for instance on the night of Mr. Thomas' motion for reopening the inquiry into the Jameson Raid. But the House knows its Chancellor of the Exchequer, and several of the older Parliamentary hands predicted the proposals of the Budget with wonderful accuracy. Nobody expected "originality" from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who glories in following the beaten track of his predecessors. The speech was commendable for its brevity, for it only lasted an hour and a half, whereas Mr. Gladstone's budget speeches used to occupy from three to five hours in delivery.

After keeping the committee on tenterhooks for a good hour in reviewing the past year, in criticising Mr. Pitt's finance, in comparing the Napoleonic and Crimean wars with the present, and in announcing what he was not going to do, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at last declared his additions to existing taxes and duties. A sigh of relieved curiosity burst from a tortured House, and no sooner were the figures out of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's mouth than members began to steal out to the telegraph office, for important constituents have to be thought of on these occasions. A comparatively depleted House remained to listen to the half-revealed project of a war loan, which concerns the financiers of the City more than the general community. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's peroration struck us as being pitched in too high a key for the occasion, particularly as the dealers in dutiable goods had been showing their "patriotism" all Saturday and Monday by getting their wares out of the custom-houses as fast as they could. In manner Sir Michael has the air of a man repeating his periods by memory, and as he seems to be always on the razor-edge of forgetfulness, the effect is rather painful.

In the circumstances it is not strange that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had not the courage to face fairly the necessity of extending the system of indirect taxation. Of the twelve millions additional taxation for

1900-1 not quite six millions are to be raised by additions to the stock items of beer, spirits, tobacco, and tea; while the increase on the income-tax, now 1s. in the pound, alone will exceed that amount by a large sum. This is perfectly satisfactory to the Harcourtian school of finance whose criticism very disingenuously applies itself to cavilling at the £43,000,000 on Treasury Bills and loan, as though a proposal to pay off £60,000,000 within ten years instead of permanently increasing the National Debt were prompted by a desire to evade the burden of the war by borrowing. How that large sum, with an increase which it is impossible to estimate at present, will be paid off is left uncertain. What portion of it will ultimately be paid by the Transvaal is a matter of very special interest. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's definition of a reasonable amount is "the whole if possible." By whatever it falls short of this in that proportion will the burden have to be borne very unequally between direct and indirect taxation.

There is so little of originality in the Budget, and it is so entirely an opportunist production on lines to which we have long been accustomed that it is hardly worth while particularising the review of the year 1899-1900. The general prosperity and increase of the revenue were taken for granted. Perhaps the only curiosity in regard to it was as to the death duties. On these the Chancellor and the ex-Chancellor Sir William Harcourt congratulated each other and bandied compliments; and it has certainly been a remarkable year. The Exchequer takes £13,300,000, nearly two millions more than last year; and reckoning what goes to the Local Taxation Fund the amount is £17,471,000. From nine million-acre estates alone £2,271,000 were received; in one remarkable case the amount received was £900,000. The piquancy of this case is increased by the fact that the person in question was a foreigner who lived on 15s. a day in a West End club. He was an American. It will not soothe the feelings of the American Imperialists to think that out of that nice little sum a very fine ironclad could be constructed.

Mr. Kearley in the course of the Budget debate made a statement which very patently exposes a fallacy of the doctrinaires who insist that if a duty is taken off any article the consumer must reap the benefit, and conversely that if one is imposed he must necessarily suffer. A remission of the tobacco duty was made two years ago. According to Free-trade notions the smoker ought immediately to have felt the benefit. But he did not. The manufacturers, as Mr. Kearley said, appropriated in the most barefaced manner 75 per cent. of the reduction of duty. Now when the duty is replaced the consumer will be no worse off than he was before. This indicates a monopoly of the big manufacturers and dealers, and this particular case is only one instance of many that occur in daily life. Wholesale enhancement or lowering of prices often does not affect the small purchaser who is ruled much more by custom than by competition. The assumption of perfectly free competition is one of those abstract views of the economists which do not bear the test of application to facts of ordinary life. It is like the other fallacy that we can let old-established industries be ruined in the sacred name of Free-trade because capital and labour are so mobile that they will find other employment. Perhaps they do in time but they leave successive strata of paupers in the process.

"Our existing condition from a financial standpoint can satisfy no serious thinker. It has been arrived at by the slavish deference of successive Governments to the childish claptrap about a free breakfast table." In other words Free Trade, as understood and carried into effect by free traders in this country, has been a mistake—financially. We agree; but why has it taken the "Times" so long to discover this truth? Only a short time since had anyone uttered so profane a sentiment to the powers that be at Printing House Square, long words and ponderous periods would have failed them to express their indignation. However, it is satisfactory to know that there is no one—absolutely no one, not even a newspaper—that is wholly past learning.

The Peace Conference of the Hague has made its appearance again, this time in a discussion in the Reichstag on the Foreign Office Estimates. Count von Bülow was evidently laughing in his sleeve at it. Germany's peace he says is to depend on increased armaments on land and sea, and as to arbitration it is not intended in grave questions to recognise any other guiding principle than the *salus publica* of the German people. Substitute England, or France, or Russia or any other nation for Germany, and in that one sentence the futility of the whole affair is exposed. The monomania about the Boers appeared largely of course in the discussion and it seems to have been the general opinion that all the trouble about the Peace Conference has been thrown away if the friends of peace cannot succeed in getting war declared against England.

M. Deschanel's speech to his constituents at Nogent is the best comment that can be made on the violent and foolish criticism of the Foreign Press. When, said he, the weak are not assisted, even if their conduct is admirable and heroic, it is at the same time both childish and imprudent to harass the strong and above all to insult them. The speech appears to have been taken by the German Press as an indication that the French were "indulging in a Machiavellian policy" towards Germany; and the "Matin" evidently with authority disclaimed M. Deschanel's right to speak for a Government of which he is not a member. Another sensible Frenchman M. Jules Delafosse points out that France by being hostile both to England and Germany is really inviting both nations to unite in crushing her and putting an end to the unrest she causes. The "Standard's" Paris correspondent refers to an article by M. Yves Guyot in which he states that war is being provoked with England by the anti-Republican party in order that a disaster to France may lead to the downfall of the Republic.

During the war stories in plenty have been current of the stratagems and treachery which have imposed upon British officers charged with very serious responsibilities. Changing the venue we have the following story from Gibraltar. Some time ago a consumptive German gentleman arrived there with introductions from influential people in England. The Governor and other officials received him hospitably and every consideration possible was shown him on account of his health; but of course he could not be granted permission, as he requested, to go to the top of the rock for the sake of the purer air, as there is a regulation that "Foreigners are on no account to be permitted to walk about the top of the rock." Further acquaintance however with the German gentleman, through the medium of dinners and other social functions, resulted in a relaxation of the strict rule and he was granted a pass. The result of the visit is now to be seen at the German War Office which is in possession of the most perfect plans from photos of all the works and defences of Gibraltar.

Lord Salisbury on Thursday made graceful and proper acknowledgment of Lord Pauncefoot's public spirit in consenting to prolong his tenure of the Embassy at Washington. The crisis of an approaching Presidential election is not a time to replace a man well versed in American political methods by one who might not be. We cannot, however, help observing that after all the efforts of the Prime Minister and our Ambassador to create cordiality between England and the United States there is a grim irony in the clear establishment of the fact that the retention of the latter at his post is the only way to prevent an outbreak of animosity. Does this augur any permanence for the policy on behalf of which we have made many sacrifices? It seems to us to be the strongest possible argument for the contention we have always maintained that the United States must be treated on a strictly business footing as we should, or ought to, treat Germany and that all the well-meant attempts to import sentiment into the matter are doomed to failure owing to ridiculous misapprehensions as to American public opinion.

Is Australian Federation again in danger? A grave fear haunts the friends of the movement that a con-



stitutional point is involved which may render it necessary for the Imperial Parliament to send the Bill back to the Colonies. At present the measure makes the decision of the Federal Court final. There would be no right of appeal to the Privy Council. Following so soon on the appointment of colonial judges to the final Court of Appeal in the Empire the decision of the delegates who drafted the scheme is to say the least unfortunate. It would mean that an Australian judge belonged to a Privy Council to which no Australian causes could be referred. His position would be ridiculous. From the constitutional point of view the power vested in the Federal Court would be revolutionary. In Australia anxiety is already making itself felt lest the labours of the Commonwealth Convention be not even now crowned with success. Much depends, as the Hon. H. G. Parsons has pointed out in the "St. James's Gazette," on the views the delegates coming to England may take. If Imperial unity is not to receive a blow which would go far to minimise the effect of the recent outburst of Colonial loyalty the measure must be amended. We cannot believe that Australian susceptibilities will insist on the Bill and nothing but the Bill when the facts are properly understood.

The British sovereign does not seem to catch on in India. Not long ago the Government was driven to issue a Press communiqué to remind the public that gold is now a legal tender. The sovereign has actually been overvalued at the legal tender rate of sixteen-pence per rupee while the market rate of exchange for months remained steadily and sometimes substantially above that level. Yet this circumstance did not induce even the Government to put some of its hoarded gold into circulation. Finally rupees ran so short that the Currency Office was obliged to meet its obligations partially in gold and for a time sovereigns seem to have obtained some currency in Calcutta. The Mint however was set to work, fifteen millions of new rupees were coined and the under-valued silver displaced the over-valued gold. It is safe to predict that whatever temporary and limited circulation gold may obtain in a few large towns it cannot displace silver as the currency of the people.

Some difficulty in securing first-class men for the memberships of the Viceroy's Indian Council which are filled from home led the Government last year to reconsider the terms of the appointment. Out of the various measures suggested the one finally adopted has been the addition of a pension to the other advantages of the post. It has been fixed at £750 a year and is tenable by anyone who has served five years and does not belong to the Civil or Military Services. These conditions will usually apply to the legal and financial members as the others are appointed from the fixed services. The pay, stated in sterling, is nearly £4,500 and the post has many collateral attractions—four summers at Simla—six seasons at Calcutta—some pleasant touring about India in winter and a modest sufficiency of highly interesting work with £750 a year for life to follow and no restrictions on future occupation. Legislators and financiers might well take a note.

The debate in the London County Council upon the water question was a singularly futile proceeding. It is idle to suppose that, until the waste products of the Council in the shape of water bills are cleared out of the way, progress can be made with the settlement of the question. The Radicals of the Council do not like to admit this, but it is true nevertheless. The report of the Royal Commission affords not only a reasonably sound, but the only possible, basis for the negotiations, which ought to take place between the Government and the County Councils not only of London but of all the counties concerned. To send the bills of the London Council to a committee of Parliament would be to aggravate the difficulty of the situation, for they would be resisted by all the outside counties unless terms were granted which the Commission reports ought not in the interests of the public to be conceded. There must be some "give and take" with regard to this question or it will never be settled. Nothing would so quickly

induce a reasonable state of mind amongst the conflicting interests as that the Government should take up the matter with a strong hand and show their determination to carry it to a final conclusion. In the meantime they must unhesitatingly reject the Progressive bills.

When in the same week we have the Prince of Wales and the Fabian Society on the track of the same social evil, and that the most serious of London problems, surely we may announce the Golden Age? At any rate it is a sign of the time, and a sign of a very much improved time. How empty and out of date the old battle-cries of class politics ring now! The working classes have learnt that pulling down princes will not raise the people as princes have learnt that they are not lowered by the people's rise. And there is practical as well as sentimental advantage in an exalted personage such as the Prince of Wales taking up and speaking on these social questions. The voice of a prince, at any rate of "the Prince," is never a voice crying in the wilderness. It is heard and thus attention from far and wide is concentrated on the evil to be remedied—a necessary preliminary to its removal. The Prince's speech on the opening of the Boundary Street Buildings in Bethnal Green and the Fabian Society's conference were each in its respective way real contributions to the Housing Question.

Undoubtedly the Boundary Street works are a considerable achievement and a real gain to the public health. To attempt so to minimise their importance that the London County Council may gain from them the least possible credit is poor and paltry conduct. The scheme was not the work of any party in the Council; it was the work of the Council itself and every Londoner should be proud of it. None the less it would be seriously injurious to advancement in another direction, were these works on the Boundary Street area taken as a step towards the solution of the problem of overcrowding—a problem more complex and hardly less pressing than that of slums and plague spots. The County Council experts—by which we emphatically do *not* mean either Progressives or Moderates—would be the last to claim that their Boundary Street operations were in relief of overcrowding. Fewer people have been housed than were displaced; nor may it be said that inasmuch as the same number live now under healthy conditions that formerly were crowded something has been done to lessen crowding, because it is certain that in consequence of the rebuilding an equal number are worse crowded than they were before. This sobering and melancholy truth we are bound to keep before our eyes. Slums are one problem and can be treated locally and in part; overcrowding is another and can be treated only as a whole by a comprehensive plan, which so far has not been so much as formulated.

It may be that the best solution of the difficulties which the deputation of the representatives of the medical hospitals of Great Britain placed so earnestly before Mr. Chaplin would be the support of these institutions by the State or the municipalities. The deputation however only asked for relief from the payment of rates. Mr. Chaplin evidently sympathised with the proposal but put in the dilatory plea that the whole question of local taxation is now before a Royal Commission. The hospitals relieve many of the poor who would otherwise have to be paid for by the rates; and the exemption from rates in London alone would enable the hospitals to receive 4,000 more in-patients. These two arguments make the appeal of the deputation difficult to resist. It should not be impossible to devise a plan by which a district whose cases are treated in the hospital of another district should make a contribution towards the rates of the latter.

Trade unionism has had an unfortunate week in the law courts. In 1898 the Merthyr Tydvil guardians gave relief to the colliers who were on strike, and the employers, who were large ratepayers, objected to this; but Mr. Justice Romer (now Lord Romer) held that the guardians had not exceeded their powers. The Court of Appeal has reversed this decision holding that if the men were able to get work at wages sufficient to

support themselves and their wives and families they were not entitled to relief although, as between themselves and their employers, they thought such wages were not reasonable. But the guardians may still grant relief to the wives and children. If in such circumstances they do so it would seem to follow that the men would be liable to be prosecuted for allowing their families to become chargeable; but this the case does not settle. Another curious point is that the Local Government Board has power to remit the payments made by the guardians illegally, as it turns out, which they would otherwise be personally responsible for: but though the Board may do so in this Merthyr Tydvil case they are not likely after the decision to do it in any other. The disadvantage to the unions is obvious, but we cannot think there would be any chance of redress, if they think it a grievance, by legislation. We are inclined to believe they will be reconciled to fighting their own battles without wishing to be aided by the Poor Law.

The other matter which affects the unions more directly is the withdrawal of the appeal to the House of Lords in the case of *Lyons v. Wilkins*. In the Courts below the decisions had been all against them, and were in effect that it was not lawful for strikers to "picket" any of their members at the entrances to works to endeavour to induce by argument and persuasion any newcomers from entering the works. This power of "peaceful picketting" the unions made a point of retaining, and therefore an appeal was entered in the House of Lords. Its withdrawal now leaves the law in this position that strikers may "picket," but they may not do it with any other object than communicating or obtaining information in regard to the dispute in which they are engaged. As a verbal distinction the difference between the two rights is clear enough but practically it will not affect very much the action of the unions and it was hardly worth fighting about, except to show temper. Picketing remains legal, and it is easy to supply arguments in the shape of information designed to influence a man against taking employment without formally trying to dissuade him from doing so.

The week opened under the shadow of the Budget. Nobody knew how the Chancellor of the Exchequer was going to provide for the £60,000,000 which the war bill amounted to and the wildest rumours were afloat. As a consequence prices began falling away slightly last Saturday and continued to droop on Monday, Consols touching par. On Tuesday morning when it turned out that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach was going to do nothing heroic, but merely proposed to increase existing taxes and duties, markets recovered all round, Consols leading the way at 101, and with the exception of Rio Tintos which improved to 53½ on the continued advance in copper there was nothing in the nature of a sensational rise anywhere. Victories nowadays are taken as a matter of course and hardly affect prices at all. In fact as Horace Walpole said during the first Ministry of the great Chatham "it pours victories every day."

Rand Mines, the barometer of the Kaffir Market, have hovered between 36½ and 37½, and closed yesterday at the middle price, and notwithstanding the gossip about a tax on diamonds, De Beers steadily improved to 29½. English Rails suffer from the prospects of a heavy coal bill and dealings in them are few and far between. Whereas the interim dividend of 1 per cent. on North British Deferred was a disappointment, that of 1¼ on Caledonian Deferred was ½ per cent. better than had been anticipated. Americans continue to defy the best calculations and are lower all along the line. A feature during the past two days in the Foreign Market has been the rise in Spanish to 70½ on Continental support based on the hypothetically better prospects for Spanish finance. Yesterday afternoon the Chancellor of the Exchequer met a large number of bankers at the Bank of England and announced the conditions of the New War Loan of £30,000,000. It is offered to the public at 98½, bears 2½ per cent. interest, and is redeemable at par in ten years. The issue has caught on and is already quoted at 2 premium. Consols close 101.

#### AN APOLOGY FOR THE BUDGET.

THE only excuse which we can find for the Budget is that a large sum of money had to be found immediately, and that in the middle of a war abroad it is not wise to raise a fiscal controversy which might divide the nation into hostile camps at home. But for the consideration that it is desirable to concentrate the mind of the country upon the prosecution of the war and the settlement of South Africa, we should have described the Budget as contemptible, and have said that "the financial cowards" sat upon the Treasury bench. In the circumstances, however, we hold that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was right in merely adding to existing taxes and duties without attempting to find new sources of revenue. This, be it observed, is only our defence of the Budget, in our capacity of an independent Tory organ: it is not that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He does not think that his Budget requires any defence. On the contrary, he is very proud of it, and complacently laps up the compliments of his Radical backers in the press to his "courage and wisdom." If anything were wanted to confirm our suspicion of the financial ability of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, it is supplied by the chorus of praise with which his proposals have been hailed by the Radical journals. It is difficult in this world to be certain that any course of conduct is right: but from a Conservative point of view it is safe to infer that a course of conduct is wrong, which is unanimously approved by the Radical party. Why are the Radicals so enthusiastic over the Budget? Because the Chancellor of the Exchequer has raised the income-tax by 50 per cent. and is going to levy more than 50 per cent. of his additional income from the comparatively small class which pays direct taxes besides its large contribution to the revenue by the purchase of dutiable commodities. This sounds a startling proposition; but a glance at the figures proves it. The additional revenue is estimated at £12,317,000 of which £6,500,000 come from the new 4d. on the income-tax, and £150,000 (making together £6,650,000) from the new stamp on produce contracts. But this is not the whole truth. Why the Chancellor of the Exchequer has estimated that an additional 4d. on the income-tax will only yield £6,500,000, when 8d. in the £ yields £18,800,000 is best known to himself. His calculation, or miscalculation, certainly has the effect of cloaking the daring nature of his raid upon the income-tax payers, though we do not say that was his motive. But if 8d. in the £ produce £18,800,000, 4d. in the £ ought to produce £9,400,000, unless indeed the rule of three, like political economy, is to be banished to the planet of Saturn. Or are we to conclude that the financial patriotism, to which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach addressed his glowing peroration, will respond by wholesale evasion? If so, what are we to think of the justice of the tax? For in a civilised country a tax is only evaded when it is generally felt to be unjust.

We do not believe that the 1s. income-tax will be so largely evaded as the Chancellor of the Exchequer estimates. We have more confidence in the patriotism of the class that pays it than Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, with all his fine phrases, appears to have. Unfairly and unnecessarily large as the new imposition is, we are confident that it will bring in an increase of revenue far nearer £8,000,000 than £6,500,000. If we are correct, then (counting death, stamp, and house duties) direct taxation will contribute no less than £51,000,000 to a total revenue from taxes which we may assume in the future will not fall short of £100,000,000. This is an unduly large proportion to throw on a small class which pays indirect taxes as well. We began by saying that temporary necessity was the only apology we could make for such a Budget as the present, and had the Chancellor of the Exchequer put in that plea, we should have had little to say. But Sir Michael Hicks-Beach gloried in his adherence to the sound financial policy of his predecessors, and his boast was cheered by his fellow conspirator Sir William Harcourt. Sir Michael plainly gave us to understand on Monday that this was not what we should have called "an emergency Budget," but that its fiscal principles were to be those of the present Government, and ought to be those of the Conservative party. Against this obscurantist attempt



to smother with the pillow of official authority the calm and scientific discussion of our fiscal position, and against this reactionary endeavour to stereotype the financial policy of the Unionist party, we vigorously protest. It is not worth while arguing now whether a duty on sugar, or foreign textiles, or diamonds ought to have been imposed, for the might-have-been is never a profitable subject of discussion. All we contend is that the field should be kept open for such discussion in the future and that we should try in the meantime to keep clear of question-begging and compromising phraseology. A great deal of nonsense is talked about the sound financial policy of Peel and Gladstone. The soundness of a financial policy depends entirely upon the economic and political conditions to which it is applied. The last half-century has witnessed both a political and an economic revolution, and what was sound in 1850 may be unsound in 1900. It was all very well, for instance, to throw the main burthen of war-taxation on the income-tax during the Crimea, for the people who paid it controlled the policy of the Government. But since the extensions of the franchise in 1867 and 1884, the tune is called by those who do not pay income-tax and the piper is paid by those who do. This Budget is an illustration of the huge mistake that was committed by Peel and Gladstone in making a clean sweep of the tariff in 1846 and 1852. Indeed Sir Robert Peel admitted to Sir Charles Wood that he had made a mistake, and regretted that he had not reduced instead of abolishing the duties. A number of low fixed duties, such as that on imported timber, he is reported to have said, are felt by nobody, and can easily be increased in time of need. We see to-day the consequences of Peel's mistake. No Chancellor of the Exchequer has the courage to propose new duties; the alpha and omega of his wisdom is to add to existing ones. We must escape from the entanglement in which "the sound financial policy" of Peel and Gladstone has landed us. All that is wanted is a little industry and a little courage at Somerset House and in Downing Street.

A word in conclusion on the National War Loan of £30,000,000, by means of ten-year bonds. The Chancellor explained that during the next few years abundant means for redeeming the loan would be at the disposal of the Government. When we have conquered and settled the Transvaal will be time enough to consider what amount may reasonably be charged to its resources. At least the outstanding Treasury bills may be left outstanding till that time arrives. The present issue will no doubt be largely over-applied for and it is to be hoped that a new departure in Government issues will be taken by allotting in full the small applications, rather than allotting pro rata as is usual the small and large alike. By so doing the Chancellor would reward the patriotic subscriber and make popular what is already known in the City as the "Khaki Loan."

#### THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

GOOD news from South Africa continues to be the order of the day, and the effect of Lord Roberts' strategical strokes is still making itself felt throughout the whole theatre of war. Not only has the aspect of affairs been changed; but the much-belauded relief of Ladysmith is due also to Lord Roberts' initiative. How timely that event was is only too well shown by the dire straits to which Sir George White's force was reduced. They had practically come to the end of their tether, and a few more days' delay might have brought about their surrender. But well as things have recently been going in our favour, we must not as yet imagine that the war is over. Much still remains to be done; and although the worst may reasonably be expected to be past, the struggles still in store for us in the Transvaal itself cannot be otherwise than severe. The events of the next few weeks will be watched with interest. Two courses appear open to Lord Roberts. An advance northwards from Bloemfontein, or an advance via Kimberley and Mafeking. The route through Bloemfontein has the

advantage of leaving the lines of communication well in rear of the advance. The route through Kimberley and Mafeking has advantages also. The country is easy, and the railway convenient. But the lines of communication would be more exposed.

On 2 March a telegram from Sir Redvers Buller supplemented the extremely scanty information which the War Office deemed it sufficient for the public to possess. Supplies and medical comforts were much needed in Ladysmith, and the first eleven waggons of the seventy-three which entered the town on the 2nd inst. contained those requisites. Sir Redvers Buller, who throughout has held somewhat gloomy views as to the situation in Natal, states that the defeat of the Boers was more complete than he had dared to anticipate. The whole district at that date appeared to be rid of them except on the summit of Van Reenen's Pass where some waggons were visible. The last train which carried them on their retreat northwards left Modder's Spruit Station on the 1st. After that the bridge on the river was blown up. So elaborately had their plans been laid for retreating, that the waggons had already been packed some six days previously. Thus all chance of intercepting their baggage was out of the question. But it is satisfactory to know that large stores of ammunition, cattle, grass, herds and camp equipment fell into our hands. Only two guns however were captured. On the 5th Sir Redvers Buller reported that Natal was practically clear of the enemy, and that he could not hear of any formed body of them still in the country. How he derived this information is not quite clear, since it is hardly possible that his cavalry could have reconnoitred up to the limits of Natal. The Boers left behind them some ambulances with the sick they contained. Sir Redvers' main army is now bivouacked at Nelthorpe, and steps are being taken to purify and render once more habitable the town of Ladysmith. From the South comes the welcome news that Stormberg has at last been occupied by General Gatacre. No opposition seems to have been offered. Indeed for some time previously the Boer numbers seem to have been reduced considerably. This too must be attributed to Lord Roberts' strategy, and to that alone. The Boers had destroyed the railway approach. But the station itself had been left intact. What force General Gatacre has under him we have no means of knowing. But the flight of the Boers thus caught between two fires should be perilous. General Clements has advanced to Norval's Pont. In the Free State affairs have been progressing well. On the 2nd Lord Roberts returned to Osfontein from the brief visit he had been paying to Kimberley. Keeping judiciously quiet, he has for some days past been preparing for another successful coup. The Boers were occupying a position astride the Modder and extending four miles to the north and eleven miles to the south of the river. General Colville's division was placed on the north bank, and General Kelly-Kenny's and General Tucker's on the south bank, the cavalry division being also on the latter side. The Boer position appears to lie between Paardesberg and Abraham's Kraal. It was an exceedingly strong one, and was cunningly arranged with a second line of intrenchments which would have insured an exceedingly heavy loss had a frontal attack been made. This happily was not attempted. Lord Roberts, making use of that mobility which has become so marked a feature in all the operations which he has hitherto conducted, executed on the 7th a flanking movement. The cavalry division succeeded in turning the Boer left flank and in opening the road for the 6th Division which up till 12 noon had advanced without firing a shot. The Boers evidently expected a frontal attack, and were unprepared to receive one on their flank or to have their communications with Bloemfontein cut off. When however they discovered the state of affairs, a "full retreat" northwards and eastwards was the result. The retreat was followed up by the cavalry, horse artillery and mounted infantry. Meanwhile the 7th and 9th Divisions and the Guards' Brigade were—at the time Lord Roberts' message was despatched—in the act of crossing the river at Poplar's Drift, where Lord Roberts intended to fix his headquarters. The actual fighting was mainly confined to the cavalry and horse artillery. The total casualties

amounted to only fifty. Unfortunately owing to the heavy work they had performed, the cavalry were unable to follow up their victory. But the result may be regarded as eminently successful. Bloemfontein is now practically open to Lord Roberts and the Boer plan of campaign has been still further disorganised.

General Cronje and the remainder of the Boer prisoners have safely reached Cape Town, and appear to be overwhelmed by the kindness with which they have been treated. The result of the week's work is extremely satisfactory, and the general situation is still better than it was. It only shows how much can be accomplished by an intelligent application of the great principles of strategy. That many of the attacks made before this were premature is only too well shown by the experience of the past few weeks. With a mobile field army in being turning movements are, and have been shown to be, possible against the Boers.

#### A ROSEBERY PARTY.

WE are not among the number of those who rejoice over the disintegration of the Liberal party. Its deplorable condition during the last few years has always excited our apprehension. So long as representative government exists it must be carried on by the party system, and none of the superior persons who from time to time deplore its defects in large type have provided us with an even specious alternative. However much therefore the triumph of one party pleases him no sane politician in his heart believes that it is good for his own side to be immovably fixed in power for seven years in complete immunity from effective attack. Yet this has been the experience of the present Government. Constant victory obtained without serious conflict will sap the morale of the steadiest troops, and whenever discipline has begun to slacken in the Unionist ranks the leaders of the Opposition have with ingenuity almost sublime in its perversity supplied them with a rallying point. They have not only shown complete incapacity to grasp their tactical advantages but they have been unable to suppress the embarrassing antics of their own guerillas. A war of partisans may prove most effective when directed with judgment and prosecuted with zeal, but no Fourth Party has been evolved among the Radicals worthy of any consideration in the parliamentary arena.

Many explanations have been supplied for this discreditable collapse. They vary according to the personal feelings of the apologist, and we generally find that aversion from some prominent individual provides the excuse for the common failure. When a party arrives at this stage it should be grateful to anyone who furnishes it with some better excuse for its quarrels. To that end two bodies of enthusiasts have been devoting themselves and their efforts appear likely to meet with considerable success, for, if carried to their logical conclusion, they cannot fail to lead to a struggle arising out of conflicting principles which no amount of ingenuity can reconcile. We are not therefore surprised to learn that the "leaders" look askance on the new developments. But the official mind never welcomes such enterprises, though it is never slow to appropriate their fruits or to blame their promoters for its own failures. Of the two "Leagues" which the centrifugal forces of the Liberal party have thrown off during the past fortnight one is an old friend. Its members are endeared to us by traditional absurdities. They include some earnest and well-meaning persons and a few designing ones. They have figured under many guises, but their distinguishing feature is a total incapacity to gauge the political situation. They remember the great enthusiasm of the Bulgarian agitation and dream of reawakening the "popular conscience." They forget that it is already aroused in a contrary sense and not even the Nonconformist vote is to let. Consequently we have the ridiculous spectacle of agitators afraid to address their own constituents and Radical committees rejecting votes of confidence in candidates who still cling to the old Radical traditions. In these circumstances it is hardly surprising to find other members of the party dissatisfied with a system of generalship which exhausts its efforts in frontal attacks upon an

impregnable position. With a certain petty "pawkiness," endeavouring to combine the most discordant elements, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has landed his commando in a cul de sac where they are raked by a galling fire. This is the more annoying as the destructive hail is poured forth in no small measure by forces which are usually returned as Liberal.

No honest man therefore will regret that a vigorous effort is being made to rally those elements in the party which reject the outworn traditions of Gladstonian foreign policy. Recognising that the mass of Liberal opinion in the country is with them, they naturally resent identification with a dwindling handful of fanatics who yet manage to retain an influence in the party entirely unjustified by their abilities or their numbers. We gladly recognise the new departure not from any feeling of "schadenfreude" because we believe it will further weaken the Opposition but because it is the first genuine attempt of any considerable body of Radicals to shake themselves free from the clammy atmosphere of insincerity in which they have lived, moved, and had their being for fourteen years. By the greatest stroke of good-fortune for them the Irish have themselves dissolved the ill-assorted union which tied them to the Liberal party. The latter are now free to strike out a new line and a large number decline to make themselves unpopular against their convictions. It is hard to suffer for what you believe to be right but who likes to be buffeted for doing wrong against his will? Into this absurd dilemma the Liberal Party was being launched and the new movement is to be commended because it is founded on realities and not on insincere professions. If their campaign is prosecuted with discretion and adroitness, it has no inconsiderable chance of turning the Unionist flank. We are not at all sure that the strata of Imperial Radicalism about to be tapped will not prove highly productive. Attempts to deny that it is there waiting to be exploited are on a par with the Radical jeers which denied existence to the Tory working-man. No one who reads the signs of the times can doubt that the Colonies are likely to come into some closer connexion with the Mother Country and a Liberal party which is also genuinely Imperialist is not unlikely to find itself in sympathy with communities which from our point of view are ultra-democratic.

Such a party when it comes into existence cannot avoid identifying itself with the personality of Lord Rosebery. It is at all events a strange stroke of irony that its birth should coincide with the severing of the last ties which unite him with official Liberalism. Though the late leader of the Liberal party is entirely unconnected with the movement in any practical form, and may indeed for a time discountenance it, anyone can see that it is inspired with his ideas and aims at his ideals. Whatever the efficient cause in Midlothian of his resignation there is no doubt that it has its origin in a fundamental divergence of principle and may lead to a crushing Tory victory in Scotland at the next election. Lord Rosebery after being dragged through the inferno of party bitterness and chastened by successive doses of criticism and abuse now stands "crowned and mitred lord over himself." One of the most interesting problems of the political situation is the use he will make of his liberty. At one time he seemed likely to share the fate of the heroine of "Paul et Virginie" whose modesty bade her drown rather than drop her remaining garment. Now that he has shaken off the last rag of the tradition which trammelled him he stands in a position of unique freedom. He also is burdened with a unique responsibility. No man appeals more to his countrymen by many sides of his character. On several occasions he has exercised a powerful influence on general opinion by a single speech. Such a position, that of irresponsible critic, is not one that any individual of commanding personality and popular gifts can exercise for ever. The body which pursues an eccentric orbit threatening a system at length dashes itself to pieces against some more stable if less brilliant planet. The fate of Gambetta is a warning to statesmen who evade too long the responsibilities of party. Neglecting many occasions for action they are at length involved in office perforce and perish ignobly. We desire no such fate



for Lord Rosebery. Hitherto he has appeared to possess every other gift for a parliamentary leader but the supreme one of courage. We are ready to be convinced that he has been the victim of an impossible situation. Now that the federated Empire of which he was one of the earliest apostles is in sight he will be judged by the use he makes of an incomparable opportunity.

#### DEMOCRACY AND LEADERSHIP.

IS it the business of a statesman to lead or to follow?

That, in brief, is the issue raised by recent utterances of ministers, and, still more than the utterances themselves, by the whole attitude of mind which they seem to imply. So stated the question seems to admit of only one reply. If a statesman is not there to lead, what is he there for? Yet Lord Salisbury appears to hesitate, and even to incline to the opposite opinion. When reproached (whether justly or no, is not now the question) with the tardiness of his war preparations, he answers blandly, "What were we to do? The country, you see, wasn't prepared; if we had asked for money we probably shouldn't have got it, and then—then there would have been a mess! Why, we should have had to resign! We, it appears, might be convinced that the crisis was acute; still, the people weren't convinced—so what were we to do?" Or again, with regard to the army "the voluntary system may be insufficient; on the whole, we are inclined to think it is; it may be impossible with that system to maintain the Empire. But then—*que voulez vous?* That is the system the country prefers; they won't hear of a compulsory scheme; so who are we, that we should propose it?" Now all this is not only absurd; if persisted in, it will spell disaster. The first maxim of democratic government is the need of leadership. Without leadership, there is no democracy, for there is no people; there is merely to use the familiar phrase, a "fortuitous concourse of atoms." There is always "Public Opinion," we shall be told. But what is Public Opinion? People talk as if it were something fixed and final, something that grew of itself, all ready there to guide and direct the perplexed and baffled politician. Not at all! It is the politician's own creation, his Frankenstein often enough. It's something you make, not something you find; and it is always in process of re-making, always demanding to be re-made. On the old questions, it is true, for a time it may appear to be stereotyped and fixed; the Man in the Street has fallen into this or that groove; at the breakfast table he placidly purrs over the platitudes of his favourite organ—so delicately, so neatly are they adjusted to the habits he calls convictions. But let a crisis intervene, a new and vital issue, and the barriers fall, the tracks are obliterated. All the transitory configurations, parties, sects and sub-sects, melt and flow together, change their shapes and disappear. Public Opinion has broken its moulds, and lies all liquid and chaotic, a molten chafing stream, expectant of the creative word. That word is the fiat of the statesman. But how, if the statesman sits brooding, not like a dove but like an owl, waiting for chaos to organise itself? "What is it you want? There you lie, I perceive, all chaotic. I can't see that you want anything in particular. Perhaps, on the whole, you had better go on as you were. Tumble back into the old forms, and then we shall know where we are!" That is surely a curious line for a Premier to take.

"Oh but," it may be said, "after all, the initiative must proceed from the masses. Democracy means government by the People." Democracy does not, and cannot mean anything of the kind. The People cannot govern; it can only lie and wait, a great unorganised mass, for the Man about whom it may be able to crystallise. It makes elections, true; but election, in itself, is nothing. It may be merely a manipulation by wire-pullers, ending in the temporary emergence, on the Punch and Judy stage, of that curious puppet the Machine-Politician. But the Machine-Politician does not govern, he only jobs. When government is needed, he and his kind are swept away. The Crokers and Platts disappear, one hopes, and the Lincolns fill the scene. Leadership is what Democracy wants; without that, it lies sick and paralytic, or corrupts into multi-

form horrors of creeping life. If not at all times, yet at moments, it feels the need itself. For this nation that moment has come. We are waiting for the voice. To keep the Empire, to keep our own honour and self-respect, what must we do? What sacrifice do you ask of us? Here we are, ready to respond! Is it money that you need? Is it men? Is it personal service? Is our whole system wrong? Well, if it is, tell us, and let us alter it root and branch. That is the mood of the nation; and ministers shrug their shoulders and reply: "This is the system you have chosen; it is unfortunate, of course. Still, you can't have your cake and eat it. And perhaps, after all, we shall pull through. We've done it before you know!" Is that the note of leadership? Is that the note of our aristocracy? One hopes not; among them, one hopes, the Man is still to be found, as he has been in the past in crises greater than this. But if not there, then elsewhere he must be sought and found. It is idle to stand and wait for the mind of the nation to declare itself; at such a moment the mind of a nation is that of the man it can trust.

#### LONDON'S QUIET NIGHT.

SOMETIMES after midnight London assumes an aspect of beauty. With a strong wind blowing from the northern heights the air becomes pure and even exhilarating. Great buildings stand out against the sky with unwonted sharpness of outline. Except in times of storm there are exquisite effects of light and cloud, especially when the moon is nearing the full. There is a charm in the successive scenes of woodland and garden along the Park side of the two main western thoroughfares. There are clumps of trees near the head of the avenue running from Lancaster Gate which in moonlight suggest the primeval forest. A great town must always be a defacement of the earth. But there are moments when London seems to be part of the universe rather than a grimy world of itself—when it loses its distinctness as a city and is merged in the harmonious scheme of nature. It is at night that this influence is made manifest. It is the one aspect of the town that disposes the nocturnal wayfarer to agreeable thoughts.

Silence in any London thoroughfare is never known for many minutes together. All night long the streets resound with the footfall of the pedestrian. The musical impact of hoofs upon asphalt and wood, the rumble of the lumbering omnibus, the clatter of the broken files of hansoms upon the main roads westward, the muffled jolt and jar of the rubber-tired broughams, the occasional shout of a driver or the inarticulate song of a tipsy reveller—all these noises quickly diminish after twelve. About one o'clock they die away. An impression is produced that night has at length subdued these manifold activities. But observation through the succeeding hours shows that the subjugation is incomplete. Rest there is none. London has a population of several thousands who traverse the streets through the small hours of the morning. Quietude is broken not alone by the slow and heavy tramp of the policeman but by the sharp, quick step of the night-worker hurrying home to bed and the weary shuffle of the foot-sore tramp moved on from the shelter of a shop-door or the portico of a private dwelling.

The majority of nightly wayfarers belong to the newspaper world. At half-past two the offices of the dailies begin to empty. The last proof of the leader has been finally read and signed, and editors, assistant-editors and sub-editors pass into the street. In another quarter of an hour compositors and stereotypers pour out in scores. Before the roar of the rotaries ascends from the machine-rooms all will have gone homeward. Unfortunately not all. Some will have passed into public-houses in the purlieus of Fleet Street, kept open, apparently, for the purpose of seducing the printer and his devil. These will drink until they fall into song and will not disperse until ordinary folk are at breakfast. Editors, assistant-editors, and leader-writers are the aristocrats of the journalistic world. Their salaries bear some relation to

the fact that they cannot get to bed before three or four in the morning. They can afford the luxury of a drive. Except on the wildest nights of winter there is usually a sufficient supply of cabs. Several drivers have their regular hirers. Those who have not loiter about for chance fares and are in stronger force on nights when bicycles cannot be used. Half the journalists of London ride the wheel. To the night worker the bicycle is indeed a boon. There is scarcely a daily newspaper office where machines are not put up after dinner, whose owners spin through the streets at three in the morning to Chelsea, Kensington and Bayswater—localities much favoured by the editorial "we." Sub-editors, telegraph clerks, compositors and the like cross over to Ludgate Hill to catch the three fifteen, or to Waterloo for the Kingston train at three forty-five. Many pass over Blackfriars Bridge, where trams await to carry them to Kennington, Brixton and Clapham. Others walk through the courts between Fleet Street and Holborn to the Gray's Inn Road, where there is an all-night service of cars to Camden Town and South Hampstead. For those who live in the west and for whom a cab is too costly there is no conveyance. They must walk or wait through the night. As the newspaper contribution to the nocturnal workers of London leaves the City, another comes in. The drivers of the carts of the distributing agencies must reach their stables north and south of the Thames soon after two. Between that hour and three they drive recklessly into Fleet Street and soon afterwards out of it to the various railway termini, to catch the first outward trains. By that time the milk cart is rattling along through every suburb of London to meet the incoming milk trains; and hideous is the clattering of empty cans, as every light sleeper knows to his cost.

The railways help to swell the number of those abroad in the small hours. Vanmen and boys scurry through the streets to the goods yards; porters, guards, booking-office clerks and others wend their way to the stations. Postmen make the round of the letter-boxes. To many workers of this class the day begins in the depth of the night. There is also the market traffic. From the far western, eastern and southern suburbs waggons piled high with produce are drawn through the main thoroughfares—worn-out carters sometimes courting death by dozing on the shafts. Their confidence in the intelligence and skill of their unguided teams is seldom misplaced. The leader knows exactly the curve to take in rounding a corner and to an inch how far he should be from any obstruction if collision is to be avoided. With the cessation of this straggling procession come the carts of tradesmen who go early to market. Stablemen, drivers and boys have to be up and about by four o'clock. To satisfy the daily wants of the population thousands of people are at work throughout the night, either continuing their labour from the evening till three or four in the morning or beginning hours before sunrise. Even the water supply calls for street labour at night. Small gangs of uniformed men go through the thoroughfares with sounding and testing instruments on their shoulders. They stand their tools on the ground and put an ear over the orifice at the upper end. Occasionally a surveying party can be seen, taking levels and making measurements on streets too crowded in the daytime to permit of these operations. And not infrequently road repairs have to be continued through the night. Groups of stalwart navvies, in the glare of flaming oil jets, ply huge hammers in rhythmic succession while others shovel away the broken ground. London streets are always being patched; and night is the time when the chief thoroughfares make their toilette. At two o'clock the hose, the water-cart, and the road-broom are at work, men and horses toiling through the dark.

Pleasure too—of a sort—sends its votaries into the streets while the respectable citizen sleeps. The night clubs expel their last occupants about three A.M. If the women who frequent these places have no reputation to lose many of the men have the semblance of one. They wear the garb of the well-to-do. Though they be half drunk they have the accent and manners of gentlemen. Some are rich ne'er-do-wells; others, harpies from the theatres and the underworld of finance, who prey upon them; and others are American and Colonial sojourners

in London, with a sprinkling of tradesmen's sons, having more gold than brains, who imagine that they are "seeing life." Between these establishments and the "clubs" in the back lanes of Oxford Street, north and south, there is an impassable social gulf. Foreigners of both sexes and vile character swarm in the latter from the time the restaurants close (many of the men are waiters) until the morning milk is delivered. They gamble, sing, dance and shout. When they come into the street they talk vociferously and occasionally quarrel. German and Italian are the dominant tongues. There is a street running north from Oxford Street which is sometimes a pandemonium in the small hours. But not so disreputable—not so dangerous—as the Euston Road. There at all hours of the night the lowest type of woman and the most ruffianly class of man are to be found.

No main thoroughfare is without tramps and other homeless persons. Their numbers seem to undergo no diminution, notwithstanding the efforts made during the past decade to give them shelter. The Bayswater Road is infested with them. It has supplanted the Embankment as first favourite with the vagrant. As many as thirty-seven could be counted at three forty-five one morning in late September between Marble Arch and Notting Hill Gate. They have since almost disappeared. Severe weather has driven them into the casual wards, which they will give a wide berth as soon as the easterly winds of March have spent their force. The seats on the north side of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens are unfit for public use because of them. But the homeless person is otherwise harmless. He may beg; and he may swear if alms are denied him; but his vitality is too low to nerve him to offer violence. He may have the will to rob and to attack but he possesses neither the strength nor the courage. And he is well watched. At night the London policeman is omnipresent. He may break the regulations by indulging in a furtive smoke or by gossiping with a colleague where two beats meet; but he does his duty vigilantly and well. The flashlight of his lamp is for ever on doorways and down areas. The nocturnal *mauvais sujets* of our streets have little opportunity to make themselves an active nuisance. The policeman's way with them is rough. At the first sign of impertinence or show of fight he strikes out at and grabs his victim, giving him—or even her—a shake that must almost paralyse the faculties. If that is not enough to ensure immediate obedience to his behest, a quick march to the station follows. As morning advances the occupants of the streets imperceptibly increase in numbers. Population and vehicular traffic dribble along the accustomed channels. The rivulet becomes a stream and, ere long, in the narrow gorges of the City, a rushing torrent. The never silent night of London has given place to the incessant roar of London's day.

#### HYPOCRISY AND DECORUM.

ARISTOTLE, as a moralist, was profoundly right in insisting on what many other moralists, with better opportunities, have forgotten—that the highest virtues, or at all events many of the highest, are not lines of conduct or qualities pushed to their logical extreme, but means lying between two extremes which are vices. There are no lines of conduct, and no moral qualities, to which the doctrine of Aristotle is so eminently applicable, and none with regard to which this doctrine is forgotten so frequently, as the conduct and the condition of mind connected with hypocrisy and its opposites. That there is such a quality as hypocrisy and that there is conduct which is hypocritical, and that this quality and this conduct, whenever they are met, are evils, is admitted by all; but a large number of persons, whilst unhesitating in their condemnation of them, are over-hasty in their definition of what they condemn. If asked what hypocrisy is, they would not hesitate to say that it was a simulation in act or speech of beliefs, feelings or principles on the part of persons who are not really guided by them. And it is true that all hypocrisy is simulation of this character. It should need, however, very little reflection to show us that simulation of this character is not always



hypocrisy, but that on the contrary it is upon many occasions not a vice to be denounced, but a virtue to be admired and inculcated. The most scrupulous of our readers will cease to be scandalised by our assertion, when we say that our meaning can be explained most lucidly by a reference to S. Paul. "All things are lawful for me," says S. Paul, "but all things are not expedient." So far as his personal feelings are concerned, he has no objection, he says, to eating meat offered to idols; but if any of his friends or neighbours believed such a practice to be wrong, and were likely, if he followed it, to see and to be shocked at his conduct, he would abstain from it with the utmost punctiliousness, in order that he might avoid shocking them. Now what was this but simulating a belief, a principle, a scruple, which he held for his own part to be wholly without foundation? And yet would anyone condemn S. Paul's conduct as hypocritical? It is on the contrary a kind of conduct which anybody with any right feeling is called upon to practise, and practises every day of his life. No one can live in the world without constantly finding himself in the company of persons who hold something sacred which is to him either false or indifferent; yet for their sake he feels bound to dissemble his real feeling and to simulate something of their reverence by masking his own contempt. A kind of simulation still more frequent is that which is involved in nearly all cases of unselfishness; for when one person gives up something which he himself prizes to another, the sacrifice is incomplete or impossible unless its extent and its nature are hidden. How then is the line to be drawn between the hypocrisy which we all condemn and the simulation or the dissimulation which we all applaud—a simulation essential to some of the highest virtues?

This is a question which cannot be answered fully here; but most of the ground will be covered if we say broadly that simulation or dissimulation is a vice, and is rightly condemned as hypocrisy, when it is practised for our own benefit, but that in most cases it is a virtue when it is practised for the benefit of others. Let us take, for example, a man who is leading an habitually irregular life but pretends to his friends that he is a person of the severest continence. If he does this in order to secure their good opinion for himself, especially if he does so in order to retain some advantageous position, we shall rightly declare him guilty of adding hypocrisy to his other faults. But if he was to hide the laxity of his own principles and behaviour, not because he himself would suffer if they became known, but solely because he was unwilling to pain, or perhaps influence by his example, persons whose scruples he respected though he might not share them, we should say that though vicious in one respect, yet in another he retained his virtue. We should certainly say that he added to his vices by parading them. Consequently we are bound to admit that he fulfils a moral duty by hiding them. And if this is true with regard to important breaches of what the world generally holds to be the moral law, it is still more obviously true with regard to breaches of rules which, though respected by the majority of a population, are less universally accepted, and the rightful authority of which is more open to reasonable doubt. Such for example are rules as to the observance of Sunday. A man who would play cards or billiards on Sunday in Scotland, if there were no Scotch Sabbatarians to see him doing so and be scandalised, would, if such persons were present, be performing no more than his duty in eschewing these recreations, as though they were the deadliest sin. To sum up the matter in a few words, there is a certain kind of superficial conformity to prevalent moral ideas, which each man owes to the society in which he lives, and which, when he practises it for the sake of society, not of himself, is in itself an important social virtue, even although this conformity may exist on the surface only. We may even go farther, and say that not only is this conformity in itself a social virtue, but it is the only kind of private virtue that Society has any right to exact of its members. Whether a man is in God's sight really good or bad, is a question between man and God, and between a man and his very intimate friends. But the bulk of his acquaintances, and the community of which he forms a part, has no concern at

all with what he really is, nor, in any general sense, with what he does. Their sole legitimate concern is with what he allows them to see him do. Society has no right to demand of any of its members that they should be virtuous, because—if for no other reason—it is only on rare occasions that Society can tell if a man be really virtuous or no: but Society has a right to demand—for this is a matter within its cognizance—that a man's conduct should be decent; or, in other words that his behaviour shall, in so far as it is open to general observation, be in decent conformity to the prevalent moral standard.

We are all of us familiar with these lines, and their implied sarcasm:—

"Virtue they find too painful an endeavour,  
Content to dwell with decencies for ever."

But the assumed moral antithesis, on which all this sarcasm depends, is really a false one. Decency is not synonymous with virtue—that is perfectly true: but still less is it antithetic to it. It is not synonymous with virtue any more than sobriety is; but it is, like sobriety, most emphatically one of the virtues; and though of all virtues it may be said to be the most superficial, it is not for that reason any the less important. On the contrary, to Society it is the most important, because it is with the surfaces of the lives of its members that Society comes primarily into contact, and it is through the character of these surfaces that Society is affected by the individual. Instead, therefore, of urging, as some might think we are doing, that virtue as a whole is a thing of the surface only, we are only urging that one virtue is; and that this virtue at all events Society demands even of those who voluntarily or involuntarily are most deficient in others. We have already cited, in order to exemplify our meaning, the observance of Sunday in a country where the sentiment of the community is Sabbatarian; and we said that in such a country it was the duty of those who were personally free from Sabbatarian scruples themselves, to act in public as though they shared them. In making this observation we referred specially to Scotland, where Sunday is observed in a proverbially rigid manner. Our observation, however, may be extended to England also. At the Church Congress which was held last autumn, certain very severe remarks were made on the growing tendency in England, and in London especially, to make Sunday a mere day of pleasure. Allowances were made for those who had to work so hard during the week, on the ground that Sunday offered them practically their sole opportunities for relaxation: but no allowances were made at all for those whose wealth and leisure allow them to indulge in amusement whenever they are disposed to do so. This class was unsparingly held up to reprobation, not because it possesses few Sabbatarian scruples itself, but because it shocks or demoralises others who do possess them; and acts publicly as though the pursuit of pleasure were the most important pursuit in life. We are ourselves no Puritans; but we are bound to say candidly that we do not consider the language used at the Church Congress too strong. The speaker who used it was perhaps too general in his application of it; but there are undoubtedly only too many persons, occupying high and influential positions, to whom it applies only too well. We are not now complaining that the persons to whom we refer spend their Sunday evenings, and even their Sunday mornings in gambling; or that they devote the whole of the day to pleasure-parties of the most frivolous character. We are not now complaining that they do these things; but that they force the fact on the world's unwilling observation. We could mention one watering-place adjacent to the country-house of the ground landlord, a house from Saturday to Monday in the summer notorious as a rendezvous of what we may call the professionally fashionable; and this house, or the terrace in front of the house, is each Sunday, throughout the whole morning and afternoon, turned openly and visibly, into a mere casino for card-playing. The whole of the populous neighbourhood is shocked at these proceedings. The neighbourhood may be right in being shocked, or it may be wrong. That is a question we are not now concerned to discuss. The fact remains that it

is shocked—that its moral feelings are outraged: and such being the case, our point is that the conduct of those who give this scandal is monstrous. They may possibly be doing no direct harm to themselves. The fault of which we are here accusing them is the harm which they do to others, or the pain which they inflict on others. They may possibly be doing, we have said, no direct harm to themselves; but even this admission we make in a limited sense only: for in so far as they do not harm others but only succeed in paining them, the harm which they are unconsciously doing to themselves is incalculable. Being, as they are, persons of influential position, they necessarily forfeit the respect of the general public which they shock in precise proportion as they fail by their example to corrupt it; whilst they not only earn the contempt but also merit the reprobation of all right-minded and reasonable members of their own class. And the right-minded and reasonable members are still in a majority and, whatever their private frailties, practise the public virtue of a public conformity to the principles and even to the moral prejudices, which the great majority of the community, in good faith, cherish.

#### BACH.—I.

THE silly fib, "history repeats itself," is so constantly in our mouths that many of us have come to believe it a very truth, and in consequence we make sad work of our reading of history. It is true, I dare say, that in the year 1 some hapless person rolled off a housetop and broke his neck; it is true also, I dare say, that in every year since 1 A.D. some other hapless person has broken his neck by the same process; and in this sense, but in this sense only, it is true that history repeats itself. Yet, after all, a bare record of such disasters does not constitute history. History is the record also of the circumstances that led the various gentlemen to climb the roofs, the circumstances that led them to make abrupt, unexpected, undignified and fatal descents, and the results that ensued—for only these things give barren facts their historical significance. When one looks into history, thus understood (and I cannot see how it can be understood in any other way), one sees clearly that there is one thing history never does: it never repeats itself. Providence would seem to be the most sparing and reserved of artists: in the great historical picture presented by the modern world there is not one stroke made twice, precisely the same tint is never used a second time. The thing that has been never recurs. A modern event may seem to resemble an old one; but look at it rightly, consider its causes and consequences, and it turns out to be something quite fresh. So different, indeed, are the causes and results of modern events from the causes and results of events that took place in the old time, that it is impossible for many people of to-day to understand old events at all. With "history repeats itself" in their mouths they insist upon interpreting old events in the light of events with which they are familiar: they assert that the thing which might be to-day actually was a hundred or a thousand years ago. The reader must pardon me if I seem to dwell rather long on this point; for it is one of the last importance in endeavouring correctly to read musical history. The common disregard of it has led to the aims, means, powers and actual achievements of dozens of composers being thoroughly misunderstood. For instance, what could be more completely, magnificently wrong than this statement of Sir Hubert Parry, which I noticed in reading his "Studies of Great Composers:" "In the early days of the history of modern music, the aims of the greatest composers seem easily intelligible to those who come after. The roads to great achievements were open in all directions, and after preliminary difficulties had been overcome by men whose names have for the most part passed out of remembrance, the great heroes of the art came upon the scene, and with strenuous vigour made sure of one province of art after another, till by the second quarter of the present century there hardly seemed any new lands left to conquer." I know of no more superficial reading of musical

history than this. To catch a glimpse of the thing as Sir Hubert seems to see it one must turn a sort of rapid double mental somersault. He appears to expect history to repeat itself, should music develop any further; and at the same time he appears to think that Bach, Handel and the rest of the big men saw before them the different provinces they were destined to conquer as clearly as we can see them to-day. They did not. The ground did not lie open all round them; the "new roads" were as hard to find five hundred years ago as they are now; it was as difficult then as it is now to do the new thing; and, in music, if not in all the other arts, there are as many new things to do now as there were five hundred years ago. Music is, as they used to say of the steam-engine, "still in its infancy." Musical history is robbed of nine-tenths of its interest when it is treated in this "couldn't have been otherwise" way. It is very well to know that Bach or Handel or Mozart did this, that or the other; but how much better it is to know the circumstances amidst which they did their work, the incidents that moulded and coloured their lives. Even a book such as Liszt's *Life of Chopin*, discussed in these columns a few weeks since, gives one a truer notion of its subject, enables one more clearly to understand why his music is precisely as it is, than lives written on the matter-of-fact plan affected by Sir Hubert Parry. Liszt's work is in many ways a warning rather than an example; but musical biography would be a much less barren and stodgy thing if its best points were copied.

And, in particular, I could wish for a biography of Bach, showing him as a real man, with a real human environment, with any number of outside forces combining to determine his destiny. Spitta did his best, but he did it lengthily, laboriously, painfully. Yet he at least gave most of the facts; he tried to show how religious and other questions affected Bach's music; he did not depict his man as a mere musician taking possession of a "province of art" already prepared for his coming. He erred quite in the German way when he wasted numerous pages on petty musical details and hurried over the character of the composer, the daily life he led, and so on. Unfortunately the other biographers who have succeeded Spitta have repeated his faults, and for want of space have been unable to copy the things that give his work value. There is not a good, reasonably short *Life of Bach* in existence. The latest, Mr. Abdy Williams', published by Messrs. Dent, by no means fills the gap. It is certainly very much the best of Mr. Crowest's series. Mr. Williams at least understands what he is talking about; whereas neither Mr. Crowest nor Mr. Lidgely demonstrated altogether beyond dispute that they knew quite what they were talking about when the one wrote on Beethoven and the other on Wagner. On the literary side Mr. Williams leaves much to be desired: indeed he paragraphs like a boarding-school miss writing a letter to her bosom friend; but he abstains from italics. There is not the smallest attempt at criticism; Bach is frequently spoken of as "the great man;" the titles of musical works and organ stops are given sometimes in English, sometimes in German; and a few of the customary anecdotes are not omitted. One lays down the volume of two hundred odd pages with no clear picture of the man, and if one does happen to realise vividly the special work he accomplished in music, and why and how he accomplished it, it is by no means Mr. Williams' fault. Such criticism as this, "The B minor Mass from beginning to end is on a gigantic scale, in which each separate movement is a masterpiece from every point of view," is neither, "strictly speaking, grammar," nor useful to one who wants to know precisely the position occupied by the B minor Mass. And to call the tragic theme of the second Kyrie a "stirring subject" is to show that however well the writer may be acquainted with the technical side of Bach's music, its real meaning is completely hidden from him.

Bach well deserves to have a good *Life* written; and anyone who will write one, studying his subject at first hand and putting away the Spitta spectacles and the spectacles of the Grove's Dictionary writer, will assuredly be well rewarded. The task is not one to be



lightly undertaken; for Bach's music is by no means so coherent a whole, or so entirely the product of one man's brain, as is generally supposed. The most diverse, almost incongruous, elements may be found in it; and a great deal of it is no more original than the choruses Handel gently "lifted" from the works of his predecessors. In certain of its aspects it belongs to a very ancient period; it is constantly falling into the now obsolete modes. You find passages as old-fashioned as anything in, for instance, Frescobaldi's Canzona for organ, played by Mr. Dolmetsch at his delightful concert on Monday evening; and lying next door to these are passages that for their harmonic freedom and daring might almost have been written by Wagner. Much of it consists of frank, open imitations of the works of his contemporaries and artistic ancestors, imitations so close that it is difficult to distinguish between them and actual borrowings. (It is in explaining these, as in explaining Handel's thefts, that most modern biographers come to grief, knowing nothing of the last century's reverence for the "classical" model, and very little of the way in which any great body of art is slowly built up.) And when in the course of studying Bach one has also to study the music of his predecessors and contemporaries, one finds that though he did tower above them all it cannot have been at all easy for him to rise to his great height. One learns to understand why Telemann was thought so highly of. At that same Monday evening concert Mr. Dolmetsch gave a sonata by Telemann for viol d'amour, viol da gamba and harpsichord; and in it there were scores of passages that Bach might have written, but could hardly have written more finely. Dozens of men of his time had a technique, inferior to his, it is true, but not vastly inferior. In fact, much of their music would without doubt have survived, would be played now, had not Bach done the same thing better. They had hard luck; they are never thought of, are left out of the list of the immortals, not because of their lack of merit, but because one a little stronger than themselves came and annexed all the fields they had conquered and added a little fresh ground that he had himself discovered and worked.

Bach and Handel are always spoken of together. Perhaps it is natural, for the two men were Germans, were born in the same year, were both great organists, were both blind in their old age. But in no other respects do they resemble one another: in fact one is enabled to understand Bach more thoroughly by contrasting him with Handel. Handel wrote no great music in the German style; it was only after he had been to Italy, and mastered the art of Italian song, and especially after he settled in England and learnt from Purcell the secret of massive and picturesque choral writing, that he wrote the music on which his fame depends. Bach was scarcely touched by outside influences. When he came on the scene the sun of the old polyphonic composers had set; all that could be done in their school had been accomplished. There had been a period of experimenters during which a keen search had been made for all manner of new harmonic effects. Just as Bach arrived composers were eagerly striving for a mastery of the materials of music which would enable them to build these new effects into large and coherent structures. A method was found in the art of fugue. The inevitable result of this method was the invention of a formal style of melody, chunks of which would "work" well. A strict fugue is simply a piece of arithmetic: it may be something more than that but it cannot be less; and it is quite easy to imagine a man absolutely without a musical ear writing a fugue that would be quite correct, though it might not be a very beautiful or impressive piece of music. In fact many of Bach's fugue-writing contemporaries and predecessors seem to have been without ear, or at least never to have used their ears. Considered as pieces of arithmetic their fugues are blameless; but they are ugly, barren, meaningless. But they helped to build up a body of technique, and they shaped a large number of formal themes for fugal purposes. They also, as I pointed out last week, developed the chorale melody, and devised methods of treating it. Still, until Bach's time not a great deal had been actually achieved. How to use

these themes as a medium for the expression of emotion, how to modify them so as to make them expressive—this was the problem before Bach and all composers of his time. How they and he solved it must be told in my next article. J. F. R.

#### "DON JUAN'S LAST WAGER."

"MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S Latest Impersonation" would have been an apter title. And to all the characters pleasant English names should have been given, and a pleasant English background. Not that these changes would have made the play a good one; but they would, at least, have mitigated its absurdity. Don Juan! "Someone else of the same name!" were surely the guess made by poor Juan, could he be lured one evening from the infernal flames to which Gonzalo beckoned him, and be consigned to the auditorium of the Prince of Wales' Theatre. No scorn would flash from under his tired eyelids. No sardonic grin would twist his still noble features. Neither to mirth nor to resentment would he be moved. He simply would not know himself in the *beau rôle* of Mr. Martin Harvey. As to the play, I am afraid he would be terribly bored by it, and that his one emotion would be a hope that perhaps it was not eternal. The true Don Juan, as portrayed by Tirso or by Molière, is not a *beau rôle*, not a "sympathetic" part. He is altogether brutal—a superb brute, but still (to a modern English audience, at any rate) a brute. It is not in such a part that a modern English actor, who has made a hit in romance, cares to show himself on the stage.

If he wished to play Juan at all, he would, of course, insist on a sympatheticised Juan—a Juan whose faults were the result of a careless upbringing rather than of original sin—a Juan with his heart in exactly the right place. Mr. Martin Harvey, for some mysterious reason, seems to have wished to play Juan. "Don Juan's Wager," as produced at the Prince of Wales', is the result. It is a curious play. It reminded me irresistibly of a tract which, some years ago, was thrust into my hand by a fellow-passenger on the Great Northern Railway—"When the Wicked Man, or, How Albert Simpson, after having lived in sin for upwards of fifteen years, found the light." Only, I was far less impressed by the play than I had been by the tract. Perhaps because it was on a night journey (when one's nerves are always somewhat overstrung) that I received and read this tract, I was, at the time, quite deeply impressed by the history of Albert Simpson. I do not remember the exact means by which he found the light, and probably they were not less miraculous than those by which Mr. Harvey's Juan finds it. But miraculous conversions, though they may sometimes be impressive in tracts, never are impressive in plays. In plays I am sceptical enough to demand a certain evolution of character, or, at least, some great stress of likely circumstances, as a prelude to the conversion. There is no such evolution, no such stress, in the conversion which overtakes Mr. Harvey's Juan on the Banks of the Guadalquivir. Soledad, whom he has duly abducted, weeps while he is making love to her. "Why do you weep?" he asks her. "Because," she falters, "because God has made you so good." She puts her hand in his. That is enough for Juan. The peripety is over in a moment. Behold him quite good! Enter Don Luis, whose betrothed he has stolen. Juan says "I have done you an irreparable injury!" and wildly abases himself. Luis is surprised at the change in his rival's temper. Juan proceeds to explain that Soledad has made him good: "Man, she just put her little hand into mine!" &c. &c. Enter the Commendador, furious at the abduction of his daughter. More protestations: "See! I kneel to you!" "I had never met a good woman before!" &c. &c. Juan has become a thoroughly "sympathetic" part. But the Commendador will have none of him, and insists on a duel. Juan is forced to defend himself. Of course, he does not kill the Commendador, the father of her whom he loves; that would not be at all "sympathetic." The Commendador kills himself. "You threw yourself on my sword!" cries Juan over the prostrate body, eager to put himself right with the audience. "Poor fellow!" sighs the audience. "How

dreadful for him to feel that he has been a means of suicide to the father of her whom he loves! He is not in the least to blame, of course. We quite see that. But it is very dreadful, all the same. Poor, dear fellow!" So the death of the Commendador is but another leaf in the sudden laurel-wreath of Mr. Harvey's Juan. The old legend is altogether transformed. Since Juan did not kill the Commendador, and since he was only too anxious to lead Soledad to the altar, the subsequent behaviour of the statue strikes the audience as perfectly brutal—a malignant persecution which makes the victim more poordearfellowesque than ever. That the statue finally forgives him does not excuse what it has done. What is there to forgive? Juan may have been "wild," like many other young men. But he has made ample atonement. He has suffered terribly. Heavens! how that man has suffered! The curtain falls slowly while Soledad, who has also become a statue (except as to her face, which retains its previous colouring), and stands on a pedestal between two little white German angels designed by Mr. George Frampton A.R.A., bends gracefully sideways and clasps her marble arms around the hero of the play. But the audience feels that no amount of tenderness will compensate poor Juan for all that he has gone through. Thus the ending is not altogether happy. Never mind! "The Only Way" did not end happily.

I have been implying that the heart of the audience bleeds for Mr. Harvey's Juan. I may or may not be right. What is quite certain is that Mr. Harvey himself must have expected that heart to bleed freely; else he would never have outraged a very fine legend by producing so fatuous a version of it. That he did not wish to play the true Juan I can well understand. The true Juan, as I have said, was a brute; and Mr. Harvey's method in acting is the very reverse of brutal: he excels in ethereal romance. But an ethereally romantic Juan is an obvious contradiction in terms. Juan is, literally, a "term." He has passed into all languages. He stands out, for all peoples, as a definite type. And if his "Last Wager," despite the elaborate manner in which it has been produced, fails to please the British public, it will be because even the British public has too clear a conception of the true Juan to be coaxed into admiration of anyone who, however prettily disguised with whitewash, bears the same name. I do not say that this will be so. Nor do I much care. The taste of the British public is not a subject in which I take a keen interest. But about British acting I do care enough to be still wondering why on earth Mr. Harvey wished to appear as Don Juan. And about British drama I care enough to deplore the result of his wish. Some of the dramatic critics have suggested that Mrs. Cunningham Graham, whose name is printed with Zorilla's under the title of the play, may be responsible for the emasculation of the legend. It is only fair to that lady to say that the larger part of the blame lies on the shoulders of Zorilla, whose play she translated, and to record a persistent rumour that she had nothing whatever to do with such deviations as have been made from Zorilla's scheme and text.

At the Lyceum, Mr. Benson has been alternating "Hamlet" and "The Rivals." The latter play needs "go" in its interpreters rather than imagination; and, since cricket promotes "go" in its devotees no less than it saps imagination, Mr. Benson's company did far better in Sheridan's play than in Shakespeare's. But Mr. Benson himself, keen cricketer though he is, has little "go" in acting, and his Captain Absolute was suspiciously like his Hamlet. If his Hamlet had been at all distinguished, this likeness might have been condoned. Unfortunately, his Hamlet was dry, wooden, insipid—"adequate," in fact. His production, however, was interesting, inasmuch as the play was performed straight through, without "cuts," and thus achieved a freshness which is not usually to be found in it. One was enabled to see the King and Polonius in all their glory—and glorious parts they are! It is a pity that no "star," in producing the play, takes one of these parts himself and proportionately cuts down the other part and the part of Hamlet. The play is so vast, so full, that a versatile "star" could triumph on three consecutive nights, in a perfectly stelline manner, without repeating his performance.

Might not the experiment be made? There is one other train of thought which Mr. Benson's production opens to me, and it is one which might well be pursued further than I can pursue it here. Mrs. Benson, who was Ophelia, played the mad-scene more shockingly than I (who am not unimaginative) could ever have imagined it being played. I should not be so ungracious as to call attention to her performance, were it not that Ophelias *in petto* might possibly profit by my remarks. About Shakespeare it should be remembered that he was both a dramatist and a poet. The less his lines are acted the more clearly is their poetry apparent. Dramatic emphasis, pauses, facial play, are all inimical to the music of words, which is best served by quiet recitation. But quiet recitation saves for the words their music at the expense of their dramatic force. And thus, as a rule, the best Shakespearian acting is a kind of compromise between poetry and drama. But there were some moments when Shakespeare was merely dramatist, others when he was merely poet. Ophelia's mad-scene is mere poetry. Ophelia is a nonentity throughout the play: sane or mad, she is nothing to us. If in her sanity she had been made interesting, then her final lunacy would have some dramatic effect. There would be reason for playing the mad-scene more or less realistically, for sacrificing more or less of its beauty. As it is, such a proceeding is a mere impertinence. In recent years, most Ophelias have gone in the direction of realistic lunacy, and we have suffered accordingly. But no actress has gone so far, and made us fare so ill, as Mrs. Benson, who groans and gasps, glares, shrieks and gesticulates, so indefatigably as to make havoc of every beautiful line the poet has put into her mouth. The medical staff of Colney Hatch might find much to interest them in her antics and her kakophonies. But intelligent lovers of Shakespeare can only shudder, can only wonder. I wish that all promising young actresses could see this performance. Their sight of it would save us some suffering in the future. Here is a clear case for a "professional matinée."

The Stage Society (for the Relief, as one might say, of Jaded Playgoers) must be thanked very cordially for its performance of "The League of Youth." The cast was so good, and the play went so smoothly, that one had some difficulty in realising that the performance was for one night only. One would have imagined that the play was in the middle of a long run. Indeed, why should it not have a long run? It is amusing from beginning to end, and its fun is of an absolutely straightforward kind. There is nothing in it to puzzle the public, nothing that would cause any discomfort; and the central character is so merely farcical that he would surely atone to the public for any bitterness which Ibsen may have betrayed in his sketches of the minor characters. How comes it, then, that none of the managers in London has the wit to . . . but I am no propagandist. I will content myself by congratulating the Stage Society and offering it my very best wishes.

MAX.

#### SURPLUS ASSURANCE FUNDS.

THE intelligent study of life assurance accounts is made considerably easier by the use of "The Surplus Funds of Life Assurance Offices" by Mr. W. M. Monilaws, a copy of which we have recently received. We cannot do better in noticing the report of the Prudential than by considering it in conjunction with "Surplus Funds." The book deals chiefly with the valuation returns of life offices, and the Prudential report contains but meagre details about last year's valuation. Still a comparison of the report with the book makes clear the meaning of the former, and the great value of the latter. The business of the Prudential consists of two branches, the ordinary and the industrial, the accounts of which are kept separate. In both branches the most striking feature is the enormous increase in new business, especially in view of the fact that the company's operations are limited to the United Kingdom. We learn from Mr. Monilaws that the ordinary assurances in force at the end of 1894 were



forty-two millions, and at the end of 1897 fifty-five and three-quarter millions. The report tells us that at the end of 1899 the total ordinary assurances exceeded sixty-three and three-quarter millions. These figures show an increase of 50 per cent. in the short space of five years.

The mortality table employed in calculating the value of the present liabilities of a life office is of course a most important matter, and for a long time past the Prudential has used for this purpose the Healthy Males Table, published by the Institute of Actuaries, and has assumed that the funds will yield interest at 3 per cent. The mortality table adopted is of course entirely satisfactory, and the assumption of 3 per cent. is sufficient for purposes of security, though hardly low enough to show any considerable margin for profit. The average rate yielded for the three years ending with 1894 was £3 5s. 8d. per cent.; for the next three years £3 5s. 11d., while in 1899 there was a slight improvement since the rate earned was £3 7s. With some other companies showing a margin of more than £1 between the rates of interest assumed and earned, a difference of only 7s. does not look very well, and one of the next changes for the directors to consider is the reduction of the rate assumed in valuing ordinary policies from 3 to 2½ or 2¼ per cent. The Prudential funds are so immense that it must be an exceptionally difficult matter in ordinary times to find suitable investments to the necessary extent. We learn from "Surplus Funds" that at the end of 1894 the Ordinary Life and Annuity Funds amounted to nine and a half millions, increasing to more than fifteen millions by the end of 1897, while the report for last year shows them to amount to more than nineteen millions, or about double what they were five years ago. These are truly remarkable figures, and, in conjunction with many other facts equally notable, are convincing evidence of the national character of the Prudential.

The next item tabulated by Mr. Monilaws is the premium income, though we must confess to being unable to see how the figures that he quotes are arrived at. Neither for 1894 nor for 1897 are they the average figures for the three years nor are they the figures for any individual year, but Mr. Monilaws is so careful a compiler that we hesitate to think he has made a mistake. In any case the Prudential premium income shows a very large increase, and, what is more important, the expense ratios as given in "Surplus Funds" show that while the expenditure is limited to 10 per cent. of the premiums the provision set aside for future expenses is 23½ per cent., showing the substantial margin of 13½ per cent. of the premiums as a contribution to profits. Mr. Monilaws next gives some very valuable details about the surplus shown at the valuations and its distribution to policy-holders and shareholders. From this we learn that in 1897 the surplus divided amounted to more than one and a half millions for the three years, the shareholders receiving an amount equivalent to a little less than 2 per cent. of the premiums, so that, including this item the total cost to the policy-holders for all expenses of management including the proprietors is less than 12 per cent. of the premiums, a rate of expenditure which is exceptionally low, especially when it is considered that even in the Ordinary branch the average amount of each policy is but a little more than £100.

We have no space to deal with the industrial accounts of the Prudential further than to say that the assurances in force under more than thirteen million policies exceed £132,000,000, and that the industrial funds now amount to nearly fifteen and three-quarter millions, making the total assets of the society very nearly thirty-seven millions. Nor have we space to notice the many other valuable features that are contained in "Surplus Funds." It is a work which in its present improved form gives an intending assurer all the information necessary to enable him to choose a life policy to the best advantage, and a brief study of its contents would enable a man to assure to much better advantage than he could without its aid.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MENELIK AND ENGLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Addis Ababa (Ethiopia), 27 January, 1900.

SIR,—As the Emperor Menelik set out last Tuesday for a month's progress through his dominions, you must be prepared for a fresh flight of canards respecting his designs against the British Empire. We may, however, set our minds at rest, for His Majesty's sentiments towards our country have never been so friendly as they are to-day. It is sufficient to be a Briton in order to obtain almost any favour which may be desired, whether it be an audience, a passport or even a concession. True, the French and Russians have sought to persuade His Majesty that the death-knell of our Empire is sounding in the south of this continent. But His Majesty has heard the same story from the same lips so often before that he may not be deceived easily. At the time of the capture of Omdurman, the French informed him that the British Army had been destroyed, and he is reported to have exclaimed, when the truth reached him, "What liars these French are!" If I were permitted to relate the secret history of that difficult period, I could throw a bright light upon the wisdom and statesmanship which His Majesty displayed. He has now realised that Britons are the only Europeans whom he can trust, and he is proud to consider himself their ally.

The arch mischief-maker at present in Ethiopia is the gentleman who styles himself Comte de Leontieff, and the Emperor has now come to recognise his mistake in conferring honours and provinces upon that adventurer. I have heard frightful stories of the carnage alleged to have taken place under Leontieff's auspices in the neighbourhood of Lake Rudolph and fears must be entertained for the safety of the party of British explorers who have just set out in his track. To him and his followers the extermination of blacks appears in the light of a fascinating sport. I could give you details which would make your flesh creep. The Emperor is doubtless unaware of them, else his well-known humanity must have induced him to intervene. Leontieff distinguished himself recently by seizing some British flags outside the frontier of his province and bringing them as trophies to this capital, but, instead of congratulating him, the Emperor lost no time in ordering that they should be replaced with all possible honours.

The important moral, which I seek to point, is that, in face of the untiring craft and subtlety of our enemies, great care must be taken to safeguard His Majesty's goodwill, now at its zenith. British interests could hardly be in better hands than those of Captain Harrington, who has acquired a wonderful knowledge of the Ethiopian character. But he is frequently handicapped by the impertinent pronouncements of quidnuncs, who return hence to air their inept impressions at home. Lord Lovat, for instance, is reported to have said publicly that he presented the Emperor with a Mauser pistol and that His Majesty exhibited all the delight of a savage by playing with the new toy during a whole afternoon. Such a statement, even if true, would have been highly impolitic, for it was at once translated to His Majesty by kind friends from France. As a matter of fact, however, it was quite untrue and Lord Lovat should lose no time in disclaiming it. He did not present his pistol to the Emperor, but sent it after his departure and can therefore have had no opportunity of observing its reception; moreover, the Emperor already possessed many Mauser pistols and can have shown no undue delight, savage or otherwise at the addition to his collection. I was present last week when he received a newer pistol, which he had never seen before, and the interest which he displayed in its mechanism was precisely what I should have expected from an intelligent European.

I can affirm, Menelik imout! that Franco-Russian influence is decaying in Ethiopia, and patriotic Britons must do nothing to revive that foul growth. With

the development of our Sudanese Empire, the importance of a sturdy Ethiopian neighbour will increase continuously; and with the inevitable failure of the projected French line from Djibouti, our commercial opportunity must come. Let us, therefore, remain prudent and vigilant.

I have the honour to subscribe myself, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,  
HERBERT VIVIAN.

### SOCIALISM AND TORYISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kensington, 4 March, 1900.

MR. EDITOR,—I have both listened to Mr. Shaw's lecture and read your article with the greatest interest. Apart from the Imperialist question, one is constantly nowadays having it demonstrated in various quarters that Toryism and Socialism are the best of friends, and Liberalism is their common foe. Nevertheless some of us own to a certain scepticism in the matter; like Nora, we feel the miracle would have to happen first. Will you allow me to point out where, in my opinion, the trouble is? It may be that according to all the laws of Political science, the philosophic basis of Socialism is Conservatism, and that Conservatism has really been Socialism all the time. But Socialism and Conservatism, like Liberalism, are "not so much a doctrine as a frame of mind." Sentiment may be stronger than political science. In ordinary English middle-class society there is no getting over the fact that the Liberal is usually a person of far wider sympathies and humaner outlook than the Conservative. In many ways his aims and ideals are much the same as the collectivist's, and they can often co-operate heartily and with little difference, as for instance, in educational matters. With the Conservatives, save in a few brilliantly exceptional cases, it is far otherwise. There is an almost incredible arrogance and hardness about the conventional Conservative person when he delivers himself on working-class and social questions. He (and I regret to say, still more so, she) is usually profoundly ignorant of these matters and astonishingly ready to lay down the law. Frequently he (or she) seems unaware of any social differences between the artisan and the slum-dweller, his (or her) philosophy of the subject is pretty well summed up in a conviction that "those sort of people don't wash," or that "they don't feel things as we should;" education and trade unionism are the roots of all evil, and the ideal is that the supply of labour should permanently and largely exceed the demand. With one's Liberal-Individualist friends, one feels that after all we are making for the same goal—the common good—however much we may differ as to means and methods; with Conservatives, that there is on the most important questions a radical divergence of aim. Academic reasonings may prove the innate harmony between the SATURDAY REVIEW and the Fabian Executive to the satisfaction of both parties; and probably for a select few the harmony really exists. But it will be hard as yet to convince ordinary mortals like myself and many others, trying in however blundering a fashion to realise something of the faith that is in us, that there is not a deeper cleavage between Collectivist sympathies and the views I have by no means caricatured than any mere theoretic consistency can bridge; deeper also than that which divides us from even the most doctrinaire Liberal. Let any advanced Tory with the progressive tendencies that we are told are typical, canvas a well-to-do district at the next School Board election, and he will find his party needs a good deal of educating still. Your obedient servant,  
COLLECTIVIST LIBERAL.

[A Collectivist Liberal naturally objects to a Conservative and, perhaps naturally too, prefers an individualist Liberal who is divided from him (or her) by principle but attached by party to a Collectivist Conservative who is detached from him (or her) by party but connected by principle. Party whether with him or her is so much stronger than principle. But our correspondent forgets that we spoke of Tories and

Toryism, not Conservatives and Conservatism; by no means necessarily the same thing.—Ed. S.R.]

### SOCIALISM AND IMPERIALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Burwash, Sussex, 4 March, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—May not the general statement that the Socialist is an anti-individualist lead to error? Quia capital it is true or partly true, but surely qua morality and intellect it is not true? Strange to say just as I sat down to read your article I received a letter alleging that Socialism would reduce all men to one common level. Is it not true that every measure which tends to equalise mankind in wealth and opportunity tends to greater freedom in morality (to less freedom in immorality) and intellect? The Imperialism even tyranny of Socialism will compel equality of (at least) opportunity. Must this not lead to greater play for intellect and to greater variety in the individual? Must it not strengthen individuality?  
F. C. CONSTABLE.

### WAS IT WORTH IT?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, United States of America.

SIR,—Perhaps a foreigner should not concern himself with opinions which find expression in English papers, but in some matters an alien by residence cannot be an alien in interest. In the issue of the REVIEW for 3 February, there is a letter entitled "Was It Worth It," which so wholly misrepresents the public opinion of the United States that a decent regard for the reputation of my country prompts me to venture a word in remonstrance. It would hardly seem that such sentiments as your correspondent ascribes to us could, in this year of grace, be seriously laid at the door of any civilised nation. That 95 per cent. of the American people hate and despise the English is not only false but absurd. That there is even a widespread hostility in this country to the British people is not true. We largely deprecate the war in South Africa for exactly the same reason that millions of us deprecate our own Philippine war, but hatred of your nation is no more to be inferred in the one case than hatred of our own in the other. Why should we be held so incapable of discriminating between the deed and the doer that censure of the one should be construed as censure of the other? Many of your own Liberals take exactly the same position in respect to the war as do our people, and yet you do not set them down as heartless enemies of the nation.

I write merely as a citizen of the United States, sharing the patriotism and the prejudices of my countrymen, and I assure you the American people have never, in word or thought, applied the terms "oppressors," "pirates," "robbers," or "bullies" to the people of the British Isles. The meetings to which your correspondent refers have many of them been controlled by the Irish element in our population. Their traditional hatred towards England has found vent in expressions which have caused us many a blush of shame. But the American people endorse no such sweeping denunciation of the land to which they owe their laws, their institutions and their life. We may denounce the war and yet be free from rancour toward the people who are showing such fortitude and self-possession in a trying struggle. Perhaps it is just because we feel our relationship and moral unity with England that we are so quick to interest ourselves in her undertakings, and so sensitive over a seeming departure from the high ideals of liberty which are the birthright of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Unfortunately it is the unusual and abnormal, rather than the valuable and significant, that sensational journalism spreads before the attention of the world. To that is probably due the false light that seems to have been thrown on the attitude of America toward England. We are not barbarians. We do not rejoice



in the slaughter of British armies. We are thrilled by British bravery and are proud of British pluck. We only regret that the purpose of this war, as we see it, is not more worthy the grandeur of the British nation.

E. R. S.

#### AMERICA AND THE TRANSVAAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 March, 1900.

SIR,—Surely there is nothing to be surprised at in the sympathy for the Boers of South Africa felt by those of North America. The difference between them is only one letter.—I am, yours obediently,

ALLEN UPWARD.

#### PRAYERS FOR THE DEPARTED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Norton Rectory, Bury St. Edmund's.

SIR,—Has there not always been in the English Church Prayer Book a prayer for the departed, in the supplication in the Litany, "Remember not, Lord, . . . the offences of our forefathers"?

The words are, of course, susceptible of two meanings. They may be read as expressive of our desire that the results of our forefathers' wrong-doings may not be ever clinging to ourselves; or they may be read as words which give voice to the hope within us that the offences of our forefathers will not for ever prevent their coming under the influence of Divine forgiving love.

Both readings may surely commend themselves to us. They both are consistent with the truth of the oneness of humanity. The former impresses us with the thought of our oneness with our forefathers in the past, and of the influence for good and ill that we can have upon those to whom we shall be forefathers in the future. The latter reading still more impressively emphasises the thought of the subtle links of union between all human souls in all realms of life.

That we have to recognise our forefathers as dwelling in a realm of life is the reason why I pass over the phrase "Prayers for the Dead" in favour of the one I have placed at the head of this letter, "Prayers for the Departed."—Yours faithfully,

H. N. GRIMLEY.

#### DAY TRAINING COLLEGES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Salford, 5 March, 1900.

SIR,—Speaking recently on the training of elementary teachers the Archbishop of Canterbury said "In the residential colleges there are great opportunities for forming character, and the formation of character is the foundation of everything that can be done in education. The Day Training Colleges can exert far less influence." As these words affect bodies larger than the Day Training Colleges and as they also contain a principle which is open to question I venture to address you concerning them.

If the Day Training Colleges are deficient in the power of forming character the fault must exist in the Universities and University Colleges to which the Day Training Colleges are attached. The latter afford a certain amount of training in the art of teaching to members of the University in addition to their ordinary courses of study, and if the courses they pursue fail to develop character then our higher education is, according to his Grace, of little value.

But is there not a difference between the formation of character and the formation of a type of character? Any course of training generates enthusiasm, and this result is perhaps more important than the acquirement of the special skill which is usually regarded as the chief aim of such a course. But is not this increased enthusiasm almost necessarily gained at the cost of breadth and a sense of proportion? Would our clergy

be more influential if they were trained entirely in seminaries and deprived of the University education which falls to the lot of most of them? In a post-graduate course of training these dangers are diminished, but few ex-pupil teachers are old enough or have had a sufficiently broad education during their apprenticeship to come unscathed through the intensifying course of a residential college. Those who have been deprived of the opportunity of getting fully into touch with the spirit and ideas of their own times suffer in many ways. Their work in particular is likely to be hampered by the excessive regard they profess for principles and methods which have in course of time come to be looked upon as sacred among members of their own body. Though efficient and enthusiastic workers along the lines with which they are familiar they are apt to be diffident and uneasy in novel surroundings or under changed conditions.

In a time when our national education is being searched throughout, the valuable men are those who, confident in the breadth of their experience, feel able to strike out a path of their own and hold on in it strong in their own convictions. Such characters are reared in the highways of learning not in its cloisters. I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

#### AN IMPERIAL SENATE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea, 28 February, 1900.

SIR,—Of the questions of prime importance to the future welfare of our Empire which present troubles in South Africa have focussed and brought forward, and which will call for solution on the termination of the war, none are more vital and pressing than the conditions under which Imperial rule is now carried on. Though little attention has so far been bestowed on either our over-sea possessions or on the methods by which their affairs as a whole are regulated, by the public at large, the people of Greater Britain have long known how anomalous and inadequate our present system of rule is, and have for many years tried in vain to have it placed upon a sounder and more equitable basis. And now at length the Boer War has shown the people of these Islands how necessary our Colonies are to us, how able and willing they are to assist in bearing a share of the burden of our common Empire, and also how faulty and wholly incompetent the British Parliament is further to continue the position it has so long occupied as the supreme legislative or consultative Imperial body.

How unfit it really is to fulfil its functions a glance at its composition and mode of creation will at once show. And on the principle that the greater includes the less it is only necessary to regard the House of Commons, as the functions of the Upper Chamber in actual practice at the present time are usually restricted to acting as a check on the Commons. The House of Commons represents remotely the forty millions that inhabit these islands; their members are chosen, not for any special fitness for the work they are called upon to do, but solely because they belong to one or other of the party sections into which politicians artificially are divided. They are chiefly made up of lawyers, retired service men, men of leisure or of social ambition, merchants, tradesmen, and professional politicians, with a not inconsiderable number of avowed opponents of all Imperial work. Now, though these six hundred and seventy members nominally represent the forty million inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, only some six and a half millions of our people are entitled to vote at a general election, and of these only about half that number actually exercise the franchise. And among these are counted what are called the illiterate voters, that is those men who cannot read or write. So in practice we find about three and a quarter millions of men electing whom they will to represent not only themselves in the House of Commons but to represent the wishes and opinions of our oversea fellow-subjects who number four hundred millions and inhabit an area

of eleven million square miles. According to the composition of the six hundred and seventy members of the Commons, as regards party opinions, a Ministry is formed, into whose hands are placed the supreme destinies of our race and the welfare of our vast and varied Empire. Now, as if this were not sufficiently absurd, we must remember that the general election which decides the composition of the House of Commons, and ergo that of the Ministry, may be, and usually is, fought upon some trivial or local matter which is of no importance whatever outside the limits of our own shores. Possibly the supreme Imperial Ministry may owe its formation to the views of the majority of the electors on betterment, the muzzling of dogs, on vaccination, or on the merits of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, all of which are doubtless interesting subjects, but scarcely of sufficient importance to form the motive for choosing the supreme Ministry of the British Empire. I do not think it is necessary to go beyond these mere uncontroversial facts, relating to the formation and composition of the Lower House, to show how absolutely unfit it is to continue to exercise the functions with regard to the Empire it has so long enjoyed.

But to advocate a radical alteration in the composition and functions of Parliament would be wholly foolish were not a practical and efficient substitute suggested, a substitute not only better fitted in every way to do the work it is called upon to perform, but one so constituted as truly to represent the opinions and needs of our whole Empire. With the object of devising a method whereby a representative legislative system for both Great and for Greater Britain may be called into being, I venture to offer the following outlines of a scheme which I believe answers these purposes fully.

In the first place let the present House of Commons be approximated in composition and formation to the Colonial Parliaments. Let it attend solely to the affairs of Great Britain and Ireland, and from its members let the Queen select the local Ministry to act as the Executive in all local concerns. In lieu of the present House of Lords let an Imperial Senate be chosen representing the best brains and the highest interests of the whole Empire. Let the Imperial Senators be selected, half by the popular vote and half by that of the members of the local Parliaments, and let their numbers be regulated according to population in the white spheres, according to area in the coloured ones, so that the white race may remain predominant. Let these Imperial Senators receive a very substantial remuneration from the Imperial Treasury, not from the local ones, during the period, say five years, they are in office, and let them meet for deliberation at the Imperial capital, London. From the Imperial Senators the Empress would select her Imperial Ministry, which would be responsible only to her and to the Imperial Senate. This Ministry would take control of all matters of Imperial concern, such for instance as the Navy and Army, foreign relations and relations between the component members of the Empire, the apportionment of Imperial taxation, the diplomatic service, &c.

As the present Imperial emergency has shown clearly, the only way we now have of ascertaining the opinions of our Colonies on any matter of pressing moment is through the very inefficient channel of the Colonial Agents or by the cumbrous method of consulting the many Colonial Governments by telegraph. Neither of these is fitting or sufficient when some great emergency arises. Yet it would be an act of criminal folly were an English Ministry to embark on a great war or other vital movement without first knowing the views of our Colonies. To depend on the views of Parliament only, many of whose members know absolutely nothing and care less about the Empire outside their own land, would be foolish in the extreme, and fortunately under present conditions we are not likely ever to see this done.

I am, faithfully yours,

F. GRENFELL BAKER.

## REVIEWS.

### GARDEN-BOOKS REAL AND SHAM.

"Home and Garden." By Gertrude Jekyll. London: Longmans. 1900. 10s. 6d. net.

"A World in a Garden." By R. Neish. London: Dent. 1899. 4s. 6d.

"The Praise of Gardens: an Epitome of the Literature of the Garden Art." By Alfred Forbes Sieveking. London: Dent. 1899. 7s. 6d.

GARDEN-BOOKS come in apace, and we are able here to link together three of very different aims and merits. The first place amongst these must be given to the most recent, Miss Jekyll's "Home and Garden," which bears the sub-title, "Notes and Thoughts, practical and critical, of a Worker in both." This exactly describes the aim of the book, though of course it tells nothing of the beauty of the illustrations, or the extraordinary thoroughness of the lady in dealing with anything that she puts her cunning hand to. But every reader of her beautiful and fascinating "Wood and Garden," which appeared barely a year ago—and what garden-lover can have failed to read it?—will have known almost exactly what to expect. We find again the same dauntless energy, the same benevolent tyranny, the same contempt for ordinary masculine laziness, that amused and almost bewildered us in the former book. Her masterful and restless personality makes the strongest contrast with the wide tolerance and serene equanimity of Mrs. Earle, whose second book we lately reviewed—a contrast, we hasten to add, of which both sides are agreeable—though the two books are as nearly as possible on the same subjects. A good specimen of Miss Jekyll's terrific thoroughness is her making of pot-pourri. Most of us who have rose-gardens at all are wise enough to make this, and delicious it is, whatever one of the hundred old recipes we select to use. But the dry method happens to be much easier than the moist one; therefore Miss Jekyll will only fling a few contemptuous words of advice at the poor-spirited users of the former. Her recipe actually starts with sixteen bushels of leaves, requiring about a stone of spices, and needing preparation from the Seville oranges in February to the sweet geranium in September or October!

The book is, like the former one, mostly on garden matters, but it takes in a little more of "allied home subjects," chiefly house-building and cats. On the former subject Miss Jekyll would have delighted Mr. Ruskin by her extreme particularity about every detail, and, in particular, by insisting on having nothing but good old oak from her own neighbourhood. She must have been a wholesome discipline to her architect, of whom, nevertheless, she speaks with great regard, even going so far as to admit—this is amazing in a lady—that when she differed from him she generally proved to have been in the wrong. But no wonder that he looked "crushed and frightened" when on his proposing some external decoration, she informed him that her house was "to be built to live in, and to love; not as an exposition of architectonic inutility."

Like its predecessor, the book gives many delightful *aperçus* of keen observation, as for example in her minute analysis of the superb colour of the Austrian copper briar. She is rightly very careful of local customs and names, and has discovered one which is a running stream of sparkling joy. On her asking a cottager's wife what she called the yellow stone-crop on the front wall, the woman replied, "Well, m'm, we call it, Welcome-home-husband, be-he-ever-so-drunk!" The illustrations are as delightful (or nearly so) as before; especially the too tiny one of two dainty little maids, backed by huge pots of lilies, and engaged in the most beautiful occupation in all the world, that of shredding rose-leaves for pot-pourri.

Our next volume is, in every respect, a most unhappy contrast to Miss Jekyll's, and but for the fact that it is palmed off by its title as a garden-book—we suppose because good garden-books are now so much in favour—it would never have been noticed at all. We are reluctant to speak very severely of a book obviously by a lady—for though it is written in the character of one "Uncle Alec," the sex of the writer is patent—but



really garden-books must be protected from such invasion. There is, indeed, a small under-current of story about a nephew Geoff, who comes in without reason, and is killed off without remorse, but the stream of unmeaning babble in which the feeble story is wrapped is quite beyond description, so that we will only criticise by quotation. Let us open the book at random. Here is a piece on colours:

"Blue is a colour I seldom think about. There seems to be a hardness and sameness about it; and when I look up at the summer sky, the thought never fails to strike me anew, that it is always there (!) When I see the little blue forget-me-nots for the first time I get the same strange feeling that they too have always been there, always nodding in the same way on the river-bank, or blinking their blue eyes drowsily at the setting sun; and I care little for them, or for the dark blue corn-cockles"—a corn-cockle, by the way, is really mauve-coloured, but what does that matter?—"or trailing periwinkles, I own quite frankly, and in all humility, that blue is a colour that suggests nothing to me," &c. &c. So much for the lighter vein of fancy. But Mrs. Earle has touched on many high subjects of thought in her Surrey garden, so Mrs. Neish must needs try her hand at them too. And this is the result. "Creeds are formed to fit temperament, but temperament cannot adapt itself to creeds. While their forms are well enough for some, and doubtless of inestimable value to many, I want them not. . . . I, a loving, striving human being, feel that I also am an embryo God, and (I say it in all humility)"—this is a favourite phrase before any specially exasperating inanity—"am not to be taught and coerced by my fellow-men."

Such is the book. And what adds to our wonder and irritation is that it would be really a very nice book for anybody who could not read. It is beautifully printed, with charming head and tail-pieces, and some pretty illustrations—especially a fanciful dance of elves—by Miss Jessie Macgregor, all but one of which would do almost equally well for any other book ever written. She, at least, must be consoled with on the gallant but hopeless attempt to illustrate a stream of words not conveying a single definite idea, not even so much as a dance of elves, from the first page to the last.

Our third work is quite different from both of the others. Unlike Miss Jekyll's, it has no original observation; unlike Mrs. Neish's, it notes and records what is of value. It is in the main an anthology, nearly all from prose writers, of passages in praise of gardens, much enlarged and improved from a former edition. But the best part of the book is the "Historical Epilogue," in which Mr. Sieveking gives a really concise and excellent summary of the history of gardening, beginning very decidedly "ab ovo," in fact from the Garden of Eden. It is written, though he calls Walter Pater "his master," not merely in a sane but a deliberately restrained manner.

What seems to come out most plainly in this very able summary is that, as everybody is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian, so every gardener is a born Formalist or Naturalist, and that the two hate each other "ex animo." Mr. Sieveking thinks that the little group called the "Picturesque" writers, of the end of last century, such as Gilpin and Payne Knight, practically saved the beautiful old-fashioned gardens of England from the universal park of "Capability" Brown and "Amenity" Repton. By a fine irony of fate, the Landscapists were condemned, owing to the excesses of their extreme prophets, on the very same charge of artificiality which they had brought against the Formalists. Payne Knight in "The Landscape," 1794, is severe on the house left lonely

"Mid shaven lawns that far around it creep,  
In one eternal, undulating sweep."

Mr. Sieveking, happily for his own peace, ends his sketch with Sir Walter Scott's "Essay on Landscape Gardening," and does not go on far enough to interpose, say, between Dean Hole and Mr. Reginald Blomfield.

The collection of pieces in "praise" of gardens (which, as Mr. Sieveking reminds us, once meant to "appraise" also) is well chosen, and shows wide

reading. He is quite justified in making comparatively little use of poetry, on the ground that poetry is much less apt to deal with gardens than their contents. He seems to fear that many favourite pieces will be missed by garden lovers, but really the book errs, if at all, on the side of fulness, and to read it straight through on end would certainly produce a fit of literary indigestion. All the best known excerpts are here—Bacon's "God Almighty first planted a Garden;" Addison's essay in the "Spectator;" Pope's in the "Guardian;" Charles Lamb's "Blakesmoor in H—shire," and so on. But some of the less known passages will do more to relieve any sense of satiety. What can be more delightful than Cowley's laudation of Agriculture? "The first three men in the world were a Gardiner, a Ploughman, and a Grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire that he would consider that as soon as he was so he quitted our profession and turned builder." Or again, in a different line, what can be more interesting than the description of London by the good Archdeacon of Wells, Polydore Vergil, in 1550, or thereabouts, even if it scarcely come within the scope of the title? "I have diligently noted at London, a cittie in the south partes of the riolme, that the night is scarslie V houres in length in soommer when as the sonne is at his highest reache. The grownde is luxuriant and frutefull; besides corne and pulse, of the owne accorde bringing forth the all kinde of matter, saving firre and (as Cæsar saith), beeches trees, with diverse other, as olives," [can this possibly be true?] "which are woonte to grow in whetter soyles, but yt is well known that now there are beeches eche where in the londe. Thei plant vines in their gardins, rather for covert and commoditee of shaddowe than for the fruite, for the grape seldom commeth to ripeness excepte an hotte summer ensewe."

Mr. Sieveking has fallen, perhaps, a little into the common fault of anthologies, namely of raking in too much that is not really on the subject. Of Greek gardens we know practically nothing, and the enjoyment of a shady plane-tree does not imply a garden. "Horti" also to a Roman were something quite different from "hortus." When Cicero tells Atticus that he is desirous "trans Tiberim hortos aliquos parare, nihil enim video quod tam celebre esse possit," he is in no way showing himself a garden-lover. He wants a place for Tullia's mausoleum, which must be his own property, and yet as open to the public view as possible. Nothing could be much less like our idea of a garden.

There are a great many illustrations, and several of them, especially the plans and engravings of gardens from old books, are interesting rather than beautiful, and are an assistance to the text. There are others from photographs or photogravures which are more picturesque, but they have a tendency to be blurred, and the page is rather small for them. One, of a Japanese inn-garden, might very well be of a villa-garden on the Thames, though what looks like a lawn is really rolled sand. The index is accurate and fairly full, and the printing excellent.

#### CHATTERTON.

"Chatterton: a Biography." By David Masson. New and Revised Edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1899. 6s.

IT is natural enough that the posthumous influence of Chatterton upon English poetry should have failed of full recognition. The inborn passion of antiquity which caused him to be never so much his true poetical self as when he was masquerading as Rowley, has made him the poet either, like Spenser, of other poets, or of literary virtuosos who will be at the pains to decipher a cryptic archaism without the satisfaction of studying a real language. Of the reality of his influence there seems however to be no doubt. For his hold upon the mind of Keats it is easy and interesting to look beyond the original title-page of "Endymion"—"inscribed with every feeling of pride and regret to the memory of the most English of poets except Shakespeare, Thomas Chatterton." We find Keats writing to Reynolds in September 1819—"How beautiful the season is now. How fine the

air—a temperate sharpness about it. Really, without joking, chaste weather—Dian skies. I never liked stubble-fields so much as now—aye, better than the chilly green of the Spring. Somehow, a stubble-field looks warm, in the same way that some pictures look warm. This struck me so much in my Sunday's walk that I composed upon it." He then transcribes the ode "To Autumn," and goes on—"I always somehow associate Chatterton with Autumn. He is the purest writer in the English language." Besides the masterpiece thus composed with a mind running upon Chatterton, the stanzas beginning—"Where be you going, you Devon Maid?"—written about the same time as the dedication of "Endymion," were noted by Rossetti as a reminiscence of a song in "Ælla." In a similar way Shelley's boyish fragment of 1807—"Hark, the owlet flaps his wings," &c., is modernised nearly verbatim from the same source, and Medwin recorded that Chatterton was at this time one of Shelley's greatest favourites. Later on it came naturally to Shelley to include him in the "Adonais." That Coleridge, besides writing the *Monody* on Chatterton, was indebted to him for certain metrical effects in "Christabel," and that he handed on the inheritance to Scott and Byron, is elaborately pointed out in the masterly essay on Chatterton in Ward's *Anthology*; and it is difficult to resist the claim there made for him that he was the father of the New Romantic school. While such literary revivalists as Percy and Warton were painfully retrieving the relics of the past, the solitary schoolboy by the Bristol Avon was entering as of right into a kingdom of romance independently his own. Mr. Swinburne's neat sentence—"The Muse gave birth to Collins; she did but give suck to Gray"—might well be applied to the close relationship to Romanticism of Chatterton as compared, not only with the Percys and Wartons, but with Collins or with Gray himself.

Of all the poets who have in some sort given a fulfilment to the aspiration of Chatterton's childhood—"Paint me an angel with wings and a trumpet to trumpet my name over the world"—perhaps Rossetti best expresses the feeling towards him produced by a contemplation of his life. "Shakespeare's manhood at a boy's wild heart" is the very phrase for something in Chatterton which is ill described as precocity; for it seems to be sometimes forgotten that the marvellous boy lived well into his eighteenth year.

"Thy nested home-loves, noble Chatterton;  
The angel-trodden stair thy soul could trace  
Up Redcliffe's spire; and in the world's armed space  
Thy gallant sword-play: these to many an one  
Are sweet for ever; as thy grave unknown  
And love-dream of thine unrecorded face."

There remains indeed nothing but his "Pride" to set against his many charming qualities—against the home affection which led him to spend his garretter's pittance of literary wage in presents for his mother and sister—against the sense of humour, so rare in the young, which led him, with suicide even in those earlier days in his thoughts, to bequeath his "religion to Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol, hereby empowering the subsacrist to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in church." The worthy plasterer with whom he lodged in London, and who "observed little in him, but that there was something manly and pleasing about him, and that he did not dislike the wenches," gives to us, who know more about him than did the plasterer, a pleasant glimpse of Chatterton's human side.

That he ought, even as a mere boy, to have been content with the fun of forging a pedigree for a Bristol pewterer, without accepting five shillings for the document, may no doubt be conceded; but as regards his other "forgeries" posterity has long ago unreservedly accepted Horace Walpole's neat apology that they were meant to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus; just as it has acquitted Walpole himself of anything worse in his dealings with Chatterton than a very excusable pettishness. Perhaps however it is not always realised how much on all fours the forgeries of these two authors were. The "Castle of Otranto" was not published simply as a romance. The first title-page described it as "translated by

William Marshal, Gent, from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, Canon of St. Nicholas at Otranto," and an introduction described the original as a black-letter printed at Naples in 1529. And what is more, William Marshal, Gent, seems to have deceived Gray where Rowley failed.

Professor Masson's book is a readable result of first-hand study. It was originally published in 1856, and it contains much fine writing of this kind:—"It was the time, reader, when our great-great-grandfathers, intent on bringing about your existence and mine, were, for that purpose, paying court to our reluctant great-great-grandmothers." There can surely be few readers of to-day who will not be repelled by this condescending kind of chit-chat, which was probably thought less intolerable fifty years ago.

#### SPORT IN EAST AFRICA.

"Somaliland." By C. V. A. Peel. London: Robinson. 1900. 18s. net.

FOR the last fifteen years Somaliland has been to British sportsmen almost as favourite a hunting ground for big game as was South Africa forty or fifty years ago. Since the late Mr. F. L. James' book, "The Unknown Horn of Africa," first appeared, this new and apparently inexhaustible haunt of wild animal life has been ardently exploited by scores of European hunters, and although game is still fairly abundant in many places, it is plain from later accounts of sport—of which Mr. Peel's volume is the most recent—that Somaliland, unless protection is speedily secured for it, will in another ten years have become pretty well shot out. Elephants, for example, are not now to be found in districts where but a few years since they abounded. Most of them have been exterminated, and the remainder driven to the Shoan boundary or far to the south-east of Somaliland. There is a so-called "reserve" in the Gadabursi country, but Mr. Peel plainly hints that few if any elephants are to be found within its limits. Somaliland elephants, by the way, produce curiously small tusks, according to the author of this book, and Mr. Rowland Ward's best records of teeth from this part of Africa are no better than 33½ lbs. and 26 lbs.—weights little superior to good cow ivory in other parts of the continent. This is somewhat singular, bearing in mind the fact that Somaliland lies so nearly adjacent to East Central Africa and the country round Lake Rudolph, where some of the heaviest ivory in the world is to be procured. Only a few years since, for example, Mr. A. H. Neumann shot elephants in British East Africa carrying in several instances tusks weighing as much as 115 and 116 lbs. apiece—truly magnificent samples of African ivory.

Mr. Peel's book is a record of two expeditions undertaken within the last few years—the precise date is not stated—from Berbera into the far interior. The first of these led him in a south-westerly direction to Mount Kuldush, on the Webbe Shebeyli. Upon the other trip he nearly crossed the "Horn of Africa" from the Red Sea, and turned back within a few marches of the East Coast. In this last expedition he was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Stanford, both of them like himself enthusiastic gunners. Mrs. Bennett Stanford adopted male attire for hunting and seems to have shot most of the game of the country, including such dangerous beasts as rhinoceros and leopard. Hunting in Somaliland is not all pleasure by any means. Natives are troublesome, water is scarce and often very foul, and the attacks of ants, mosquitos, and ticks are enough to try the patience and endurance of a tough-skinned man, much more of a delicately nurtured Englishwoman. Mr. Peel himself upon the whole did very well upon those expeditions. He shot a fair number of heavy game, including lion, leopard, rhinoceros, koodoo (greater and lesser), oryx, hartebeest, and many other kinds of gazelle and antelope, Grévy's zebra, the splendid Somali wild ass, warthog, and other animals. He also shot and collected a good many interesting birds, as well as small mammals, reptiles, butterflies and insects, some of which appear to be new to science.

Rifle-shooting, or the lack of it, is at the present time very much in evidence among men of British blood.



There can be no doubt that every able-bodied Englishman ought to be familiar with the weapon. We should like to see rifle clubs formed in every part of the kingdom. Even country villages might, with some trifling Government aid, possess their own club and range. Some remarks by Mr. Peel upon his own experiences in shooting game are worth quoting. "Everyone" he says "knows *where* to hit an animal. Anybody with the vaguest notions of anatomy knows where the most vulnerable parts of an animal lie, namely the brain, the heart, and the spinal column. The question is not *where* to hit an animal, but *how* to hit an animal in the right place. This is indeed a difficulty. One can perhaps hit a foot-square board at 100 yards every time one fires at it. But crawl on your hands and knees for 100 yards, run another 200 or more under a temperature of 115 degrees, turn the square board into a little moving antelope, showing but his head and neck, or maybe his rump only, find no rest for your rifle and be obliged to snap at him and you'll find you miss him nearly every time at 100 yards. You don't want to know where to strike him, I repeat: you want to keep a steady hand after a long run and crawl, a cool head, a keen sight, no nervousness, and no drinking the night before; then, if you are naturally a strong man, you will know *how* to strike your game." There is sound sense in these remarks, although they may not be over-well expressed. With practice and hard condition the author found his rifle-shooting improving daily. That is, no doubt, the experience of many a "brother" now at the front, after some weeks' campaigning against the Boers. With a year of practice against the Dutch burghers, in their own veldt and among their own kloofs and kopjes, the average British soldier would be a hundred per cent. better man than when he landed at Cape Town or Durban.

Among hunters of big game there has for the last fifty years been a good deal of discussion as to whether the common African rhinoceros deliberately charges or not. Mr. Selous, for example, is inclined to acquit the animal of savage and wanton aggressiveness. Other sportsmen differ from this conclusion. Mr. Peel gives us an instance of a wounded rhino charging straight at himself and three of his followers. They were scattered like chaff and his Somali shikari, a very heavy man, was caught, tossed five feet into the air, and thereafter well rammed about the head and side by the monster's forehorn. This beast took a good deal of killing. Mr. Peel's first bullet had gone right through its heart, and ten other shots were also fired into it by the author and his followers before it succumbed. Strangely enough, the Somali hunter, although thus tossed and battered, was not dangerously hurt and apparently soon recovered. The biggest rhinoceros shot during this trip measured 12 feet in length, 9 feet 10 inches in circumference, and carried a fore horn 16½ inches long over the curve. Few African rhinoceroses at the present day are, we fancy, allowed to grow to their fullest maturity, and their horn measurements are much less than they used to be. From 30 to 40 inches over the curve was by no means an uncommon length for the fore horn of a black rhinoceros in the good days, and Mr. Rowland Ward in his "Records of Big Game," gives six measurements of more than 40 inches. The "record" horn is only 4 inches short of 4 feet! The white, or Burchell's, rhinoceros, now all but extinct, occasionally produced a fore horn measuring more than 5 feet in length, an extraordinary weapon for any animal, however vast, to carry upon the end of its snout! Gordon Cumming brought home from Bechuanaland in the forties one of these marvellous horns measuring no less than 5 feet 2½ inches over the curve.

Much of Mr. Peel's wanderings in search of game took him over parched and desolate-looking country, very ill supplied with water. He has, incidentally, a good many complaints to make against Somaliland, its miseries, and its hardships. It ought, we think, to be well understood by those who read accounts of big-game hunting that the life of the sportsman is by no means all beer and skittles. As a matter of fact modern shooting in Africa is desperately hard work, and only the man who is strong, in hard condition, and thoroughly keen to boot may be recommended to essay it. A

good many foreigners have during the last dozen years shot through Somaliland and East Africa. One of these, a certain mad Prince Ruspoli, came to a ghastly ending. An eye-witness of his death told Mr. Peel the story. "One day the Prince, seeing a large elephant in the track, laid his rifle on the ground, saying 'I have killed three elephants; see me catch this one!' A minute afterwards, the narrator told me, he was flying up skyward, and on coming down was soon trodden into a jelly by the infuriated monster."

This is a pleasant book of sport, natural history, and adventure, rendered additionally interesting by an excellent list of the fauna of the country. But touches of slang here and there do not add to the value of the work. Some of the illustrations—notably those of Mr. Caldwell—are very good; others are, to say the best of them, moderate. The author was not, apparently, very happy in his photographs.

#### THE GODS: A SOLEMN JOKE.

"The Gods of Old; and the Story that they tell." By James and Vincent A. FitzSimon. London: Unwin. 1899. 10s. 6d. net.

THE classical myths have been misunderstood. Those quaint stories of gods and goddesses and the pranks they played have been misread and misinterpreted. The host of musty old commentators who for centuries filled their big tomes with glosses on the games of the gods might have spared their labour and the midnight oil. Messrs. James and Vincent FitzSimon have come forward to confound their antiquated notions. They have caught another story from the lips of the Immortals, and stand proclaimed the prophets of a regenerate myth. They preach Science reigning on Olympus. But it is to be feared that their unenlightened fellow-creatures will not take their revelation too seriously.

Fools and schoolboys treat the old theogonies as poetic fiction. Not so the authors of "The Gods of Old." According to the new reading they are all sober truth. The fantastic Greek legends have a high scientific value. The births and marriages and loves and feuds of the blessed gods are vivid and correct statements of scientific facts. The gods themselves are but names, word-pictures of forces which are at work in the construction of the universe in general and of our earth in particular. Minerva, for example, represents organic structure, Juno is the solid land, Jupiter is life and Latona the atmosphere. The winged-steed Pegasus is the sage's description of evaporation, the Titans are molecules, and Venus is a harmless abstraction standing for the concord of the universe. By a dexterous manipulation of these and other symbols the history of the gods is made a compendium of scientific knowledge. And the perfection of enlightenment appears to be reached when we can see in Hesiod's Theogony not a mere collection of names and folk-tales, but a serious account of the gradual development of the universe from primæval nebulous matter, through countless ages and changes, down to the time when life could manifest itself upon our globe.

To the commonplace person who has studied the classics in his youth, this translation of mythology in terms of science is sufficiently surprising. It is difficult to realise that the Golden Age of poetry represents nothing more than the duration of the earth's incandescence, or that the famous labours of Hercules do but signify geological periods. But the authors of the book under review delight in startling the unwary reader. They revel in paradox. They suggest to us, among other things, that the ancient poets were not pagans at all, but monotheists, with a leaning towards belief in the Trinity and a Christ to come. They assume (for they cannot be said to demonstrate anything whatever from the beginning of their volume to the end) that the earliest Greek philosophers were acquainted with the Nebular Hypothesis, that Hesiod formulated the law of gravitation, that Ovid had fixed views regarding the Carboniferous age, and that from the remotest times the existence of the continent of America was by no means unsuspected. Really, in view of valuable

information like this, it is time to reconstruct our old-fashioned, effete ideas.

But, seriously, the whole contention of the book is wrong. The authors seem to be destitute of historical sense. They refuse to recognise, in any real sense of the words, development in knowledge or simplicity in literature. According to their theory Hesiod knew as much as Newton or Kepler; and Horace, that amiable court-poet, might have given points to many a modern geologist. The simple lore of early times is converted into elaborate symbolism. Arcadia is peopled with pedants. And Minerva is armed at all points even in the beginning. The complacency with which writers of this Allegorical School do their work is particularly irritating. Anything which is not subtle is condemned as foolish. They murder poetry under the pretence of making it intelligible. To quote a single instance from the volume before us, the legend that the infant Jupiter was concealed "in the cave of Dictæ" is regarded as inept and meaningless. If, however, for these words we substitute the statement that life springs up "in a cell of carbonaceous matter," we are told that "the meaning becomes perfectly clear." For heaven's sake, let us keep the cave of Dictæ.

And why do Messrs. FitzSimon confine their interpretations to the ancients? They remark that "the imaginations of the true poet, ancient or modern, are bred of reality. There must be a theme for song." In the case of the Greek mythologists this theme is stated to be the evolution of the universe, considered in the light of geology, astronomy and chemistry. Is this likewise true of modern writers? Conceive posterity being taught that Lear was only Shakespeare's name for red sandstone, and that important astronomical information may be gleaned from Keats' "Endymion"!

It cannot be denied that "The Gods of Old" is a remarkably ingenious piece of work. It displays, however, a total lack of restraint, balance and sanity. The arguments from etymology are wilder than the dreams of the maddest German theorist; the translations of the text would disgrace the art of the idlest English schoolboy. Among minor faults it may be mentioned that there is no index; no references are given to the scientific works quoted; and words like "philosophy," "theology" and "metaphysic" are freely used with, apparently, no conception of their meaning.

It is said that a late distinguished Oxford Professor once prepared a course of lectures for the sole purpose of discovering how much nonsense an admiring but gullible audience would swallow without murmur. "The Gods of Old" strikes one as an experiment in the same direction.

#### WAGES AND WELFARE.

"A Dividend to Labour." By Nicholas Paine Gilman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin. 1899. 7s. net.

"Wages in the United Kingdom in the Nineteenth Century." By Arthur L. Bowley. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1900. 6s. net.

WHAT the workman gets as his share in the name of wages from the enterprises which he and his employer carry on together, is the theme of Mr. Bowley's book. What he gets in addition, which he is not entitled to under the contract with his employer, from the goodwill and benevolence towards him of that much-criticised individual, is Mr. Gilman's inquiry. Mr. Bowley is no doubt altogether as human as Mr. Gilman, but taking them merely as authors pro tem. Mr. Gilman is the moralist, the reformer and philanthropist with a mission, while Mr. Bowley as completely divests himself of humanity, for the occasion, as a professor of mathematics expounding the differential calculus, or let us say the theory of probabilities to which the law of wages appears to have a not remote resemblance. Only once does he drop the mask and then it is to be satirical at the expense of the very kind of labour in which he himself is engaged. "There have often been serious attempts," he says, "to calculate the wages in particular trades . . . The hand-loom weavers for instance formed the subject of thousands of pages of Government publications and other books, and

their complaint was satisfactorily diagnosed for a dozen years while they themselves were starving on 7s. a week and by the date of the Commission of 1838 had nearly ceased to exist." These were the days of Mr. Gradgrind and his friends when, as De Tocqueville said, whom Mr. Gilman quotes, "The manufacturer asks nothing of the workman but his labour; the labourer expects nothing from him but his wages. The one contracts no obligation to protect, nor the other to defend; they are not permanently connected by either habit or duty. The manufacturing aristocracy of our age first impoverishes and debases the men who serve it, and then abandons them to be supported by the charity of the public." Precision Mr. Bowley makes clear cannot be attained in the study of the history of wages. This is due not only to the complication of the subject but to the great defect of the materials; for example, there is no labour census at all comparable to the population census, nor probably is it feasible. But it seems certain that since those days both nominal and real wages have gone up very considerably all round in Great Britain; and Mr. Gilman's object is to show that so far from the relations of employer and employed having become worse, as according to De Tocqueville they seemed likely, they have in fact become greatly more moralised and humanised all through the European countries, America and Great Britain. The evidence of this he displays in his descriptions of what he calls "Employers' Welfare Institutions" founded and subsidised wholly or in great part by "capitalists" for the benefit of their workmen: schemes by which over and above their wages workmen benefit out of the profits. There are building societies, insurance schemes of all kinds, schools, libraries, club-houses, premiums on wages, employees' stock-holding, gain-sharing, and profit-sharing schemes, labour co-partnerships and the like. In these matters Great Britain is behind the rest of the world. In Germany they are due partly to the desire to check the Social Democrat movement, and Government legislation has followed the voluntary schemes with the same object. In France, which like Germany can regiment its people more easily than is possible in England, workmen actually struck against some of the benevolent schemes, and the remedy was to temper the well-meant despotism by associating them more closely with the management.

The history of this awakening of employers to a sense of their wider duties towards their employees begins with Robert Owen. Mr. Kirkup in his book on "Socialism" which we reviewed last week shows how extraordinarily successful Owen and his partners Jeremy Bentham and the Quaker William Allen were from a business point of view at New Lanark while making it a show place which monarchs and other celebrated people delighted to visit. Philanthropy and business, the housing of the poor, and the education of the young, were there solved satisfactorily, and Owen showed that attention to the welfare of the "human machinery" was no less necessary for the best results than attention to the ordinary plant. Mr. Gilman also discusses at length Owen's methods, and as he is an anti-Socialist he points out that when Owen ceased to be the benevolent capitalist, and tried his socialistic communities, he failed. But as capitalist he holds Owen up to the sight of all employers as the model for their imitation. To show what he and others have done who realise their position as the "aristocrats" of modern industry, as leaders of enterprises to which they supply not only money but also the great directing ability without which labour is helpless, to show what are the moral duties which arise from this relation to people whose lives and happiness are very much at their mercy—is the object with which Mr. Gilman describes the welfare institutions. Space forbids description of them here or of their advantages and disadvantages, but Mr. Gilman gives good reasons for believing that their success commercially and morally should encourage all employers who are not satisfied wholly to sink the moral ideal in the commercial to proceed according to their opportunities along the same lines. The capitalist has a good friend in Mr. Gilman: he treats him tenderly as if he loved him. He does not wish to see his disappearance, and yet he fears



that unless he can make himself more appreciated "he cannot long endure the subtle assault of corroding envy and undermining hate felt by the less fortunate classes of society; if Socialism were a workable scheme it would certainly have a full trial in the next century in more than one country." The sop to Cerberus is the welfare institution in its variety of forms as a dividend to labour. Who can tell whether Cerberus would be satisfied and cease barking and threatening the capitalist with his triple head? It would be a pity however if the capitalist hardened his heart for this reason against Mr. Gilman's gentle pleading. The destiny in store for him may be a curious one. After upsetting everything with his "large industry" in the last century and ramping in wild individualism through the nineteenth, he may be the individual who as the "superior ethical man" will be the pioneer of Socialism in the twenty-something century. We should be pleased to hear that he was thinking more of pushing the welfare institution department of his enterprises. But we do not know what would become of Mr. Bowley's profession. It is difficult enough to calculate the rate of wages now; but this sort of payment in kind would upset the ablest statistician; you cannot reckon up philanthropy by the multiplication table and rules of political economy. In the meantime, however, we can recommend Mr. Bowley's book as an interesting, though necessarily technical treatment of the wages question for students of economics. It is even more valuable as a study of method generally applicable to complicated social inquiries than for its particular conclusions on its particular subject.

#### THE RHONE VALLEY.

"In the Valley of the Rhone." By Charles W. Wood. London: Macmillan. 1899. 10s. net.

THE Rhone from source to sea, from the glaciers of the Oberland to the shores of the Mediterranean is a fascinating subject, and Mr. Wood has given us an enjoyable volume. To the old tourist it revives many pleasant memories, and it abounds in useful information for the veteran as well as the novice. Often, as in his "Letters from Majorca," Mr. Wood reminds us of the lively aestheticism of Stevenson in the Cevennes: and like Dumas who had gone over all the ground before him, he has the happy knack of easy chatter, and of discovering or inventing original characters. We never care to take him very literally, and for that we like him none the worse. He does not photograph individuals: he idealises in types—human and canine. Take his dog-talk. His interview with Bruno, the youthful S. Bernard, touches our innermost feelings. Bruno liked the tourist and asked him to buy him. There was eloquent appeal in his soft brown eyes, and a pathetic peroration in his parting bark. But as Bruno had been already sold, he was left on his chain lamenting. A caged eagle-owl was quite as confidential and more successful: he was actually consigned to the tourist in London where his arrival upset a respectable establishment and made old servants give warning. So Mr. Wood goes about castles, cloisters, and sheep-folds, confessing the custodians. They are all remarkable men and women. They have attained to phenomenal ages and can recall extraordinary experiences. If not strictly true, their prattle is *ben trovato*: we give the author all credit for fluency in French: whether he is versed in Provençal patois is another question, but all the same we are grateful for a gossip book.

His faults are those of omission rather than commission. He does scant justice to his forerunners in travel and seldom refers to them. He makes no mention of Dumas' "Impressions de Voyage" and of his inimitably humorous descriptions of the sterile Craie, and of the sand-sick dromedary that, breaking away from Marseilles, believed himself in the deserts of his native Darfur. He says nothing of that keen sportsman, Tartarin of Tarascon, and above all there is not a word of Mistral, the poet of Provence, nor of Mistral's predecessors, the Provençal troubadours. On the other hand, having explored the accessible country pretty thoroughly, he has informed us of much that had unhappily escaped our observation. The engravings

which embellish his pages are a revelation of out-of-the-way nooks and corners, even in cities so familiar as Avignon or Arles: of church porches and superbly decorated façades in towns which have been dying by inches. In feudal days the lords of Provence were among the wealthiest of the princes of Europe. Their ostentation was great; they were menaced by the cupidity of foreign foes and they built themselves magnificent castellated palaces. Moreover they were often heretical and hardened sinners and in the terrors of the deathbed were lavish of their gifts to churchmen who had a mania for sumptuous architecture. And in the thirteenth century the Popes of Avignon surpassed emperors and kings in their enlightened extravagance. Murray and Baedeker make us familiar with such triumphs of architecture as the church of S. Trophimus at Arles: we know all about the massive relics of Roman rule from the amphitheatres on the Rhone to the stupendous aqueduct that spans the Gard. But Mr. Wood tempts us to more out-of-the-way places, such as Puy with its admirable shrines and Les Baux where the ruins recall the ephemeral splendours of the Grimaldis of Monaco, who lorded it there when the French king had ousted its time-honoured seigneurs. Mr. Wood can romance, but he has the spirit of poetry, and there is a charming mediæval day-dream at Aigues Mortes of sinister name, where S. Louis marshalled all the chivalry of his realm and whence he sailed on his ill-fated expedition. Nor is Mr. Wood ever more amusing or more instructive than when he describes his relations with landladies who, though fair of speech, fell lamentably short of performance. He likes his comforts and objects to the parsimonious housekeeping which almost invariably was associated with extravagant bills. And he tells with rueful humour how some of those venerable sirens sought to catch and keep their visitors with illusive chaff. Some professed to have all the history and archaeology of the neighbourhood at their finger ends, and baited the trap with suggestions for enchanting excursions. One lady who regulated her kitchen on severely ascetic principles sent him out on a wild-goose chase to the Camargue, in search of non-existent flamingoes and wild horses. What he did stumble on was a shrewd railway engineer who explained how the swamps were being drained and cultivated: and on a village curé as lonely as any hermit in the Thebaid, who implored the strangers in Christian charity to accept the hospitality of omelette and eggs.

As to the upper course of the Rhone, Mr. Wood's impressions strike us as romantically rose-coloured. Passing from Canton Vaud into the Valais, he found the change delightful: "Men, women and children were all good-looking: the men industrious, the women neat and tidy. Cheerfulness distinguished them, though they are said to be very poor." For our own part, we, with most other people, as we believe, have always been depressed by the transition from the Protestant to the Catholic canton. In the Valais the villages were odoriferous and filthy, the wines were sour and tasted of the soil; the bread was gritty, and goitres with fevers and agues abounded, thanks to the malaria from periodical floods. Mr. Wood is in raptures over the scenery of a valley which from Bex up to Visp is monotonously shingly without being beautiful or sublime; though there are strikingly picturesque objects, such as the castles of Episcopal Sion.

#### THE CRUX OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

"History of the United States. Vol. IV. 1862-1864." By James Ford Rhodes. London: Macmillan. 1899. 12s.

IN the history of modern warfare it would be difficult to find three years more instructive to the student of military matters than those with which Mr. Rhodes deals in this volume. The period which began in the spring of 1862 and came to an end with the re-election of Lincoln to the Presidency in November 1864 was the critical one of the Civil War. More than once during those two years and a half there seemed to be a prospect of a Confederate general dictating terms of peace at Washington. Even after Gettysburg and

Vicksburg and the Atlanta campaign of Sherman it appeared as if peace was as far off as ever. The enormous losses of Grant in 1864, which from 4 May to 12 June amounted to nearly 55,000 men, did not immediately lead to any commensurate result, and the period closes amid great gloom in the Northern States. Yet their enormous preponderance in men and material was to make itself overwhelmingly evident during the following year and Grant's plan of mercilessly sacrificing men to make that preponderance tell was before long crowned with success.

Undoubtedly the heroes of these years are the two Southern leaders, Lee and Stonewall Jackson. The career of the latter came to an end about midway. Though Mr. Rhodes is compelled by regard to the demands of space to omit superfluous details, Jackson's marvellous campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley and later against Pope are sketched with sufficient force to leave a vivid impression on the reader's mind. Probably, with the exception of Napoleon's campaigns in 1796 and 1814 no operations ever showed such marvellous alertness and intuitive grasp of the situation as these. With a force of less than 20,000 men he dealt blow after blow at the divided Federal armies, which, united, would easily have crushed him, took many prisoners and much spoil, spread panic in Washington and prevented at least 40,000 men from joining the troops before Richmond. Not less worthy of admiration is the unselfish devotion which Lee and Jackson showed towards one another. This enabled them again and again to combine their forces and crush the larger armies confronting them. Nowhere was this capacity for carrying out complicated operations in unison more clearly demonstrated than at Chancellorsville, the last and greatest of Jackson's victories, for the victory really was his though Lee held the chief command. The brilliant flanking movement, involving a march of fifteen miles almost under the eyes of the enemy, which he was yet allowed to carry out unmolested, is one of the most extraordinary instances of the power of divining an opponent's infirmities ever shown by a general. Napoleon's judgment of Wurmser and Mack was not more brilliant or more justified by results. Lee, though a great and at times almost a heroic figure, was not Jackson's equal in this genius for gauging the enemy's mind. By underestimating him he lost Gettysburg. His own remark that if he had had Jackson with him on that day he would have won it is probably true.

Compared with these men, the Federal leaders McClellan, Pope and Burnside cut but poor figures. Even Grant is on a much lower moral and intellectual level, but he had the hardheadedness and determination which are required by the side that boasts the vast excess in numbers. His merit is that he had the grim persistence and contempt of public criticism which enabled him to use those numbers to the best advantage. Lincoln was one who grew in grasp and judgment as the war progressed. His greatness is shown by the manner in which his mental capacity seems to have risen to meet the demands upon it. His magnanimity compels respect. Though vested with powers almost despotic he rarely misused them, but in approving the arrest and punishment of Vallandigham he went too far. But this was done really through a generous desire not to throw over his subordinates. Mr. Rhodes deals fairly enough with the "Alabama" question and the general attitude of England. In spite of Mr. Gladstone's Newcastle speech and other indiscretions it never reached the point of hostility to the North shown by Napoleon III., who was ready all through officially to recognise the South had he found encouragement here. The author has told a clear and straightforward tale of great interest, though we could have forgiven him if at times he had allowed his subject to betray him into greater enthusiasm.

#### NOVELS.

"By Order of the Company." By Mary Johnston. London: Constable. 1900. 6s.

The Company of Miss Johnston's title is that London Company which, with Sir Edwyn Sandys at its head,

played so large a part in the colonisation of Virginia in the early years of the seventeenth century. The period and the place have been but little exploited by romancers, and Miss Johnston is to be congratulated on the keen instinct for picturesqueness which has led her to the selection of such a setting for her tale. This, however, is the smallest merit of her work. To strike the true romantic note is given to few women, who are seldom able to compass the description of gallant deeds or to create a hero who shall be of the true full-blooded sort. Miss Johnston's achievement is therefore doubly admirable. Except in a few odd phrases of feminine slovenliness, there is nothing to mar the intensely masculine quality of her story. The stage is well set, the characters are excellently chosen; for at the outset we are introduced to the roughly chivalrous society of Jamestown in 1621, when John Rolfe, husband of Pocahontas, had been widowed of his dusky princess, and the settlers, under Sir George Yeardley, were lulled by the apparent quietness of the Indians to a foolish security. It is the very day, indeed, of the arrival of the "Bonaventure" with her gracious cargo of fourscore-and-ten maidens from England, by whose help the future generation of settlers is to be provided. Of the ninety damsels, the most cold and beautiful answered to the name of Patience Worth; and when, having accepted the hand of Captain Ralph Percy, she tells him on their wedding night that, to escape shameful persecution at home, she has taken the place of her own waiting-maid in that strange marriage-market, and that she holds herself his wife only in name, the astute reader is grateful for the obvious dramatic favours to come. They are not slow in arriving. Miss Johnston has an almost Stevensonian prodigality of invention, and she leads her puppets through an amazing series of breathless adventures, always credible and often remarkably original. The art of the story is consummate and the interest is never discounted by any prevision of the final issue. The last few pages are a little disappointing, and suggest that Miss Johnston was obliged to finish in a hurry, but there are two scenes in the novel which imprint themselves indelibly on the memory: that of the wife's confession on the wedding night, and that in which Jocelyn extorts from Lord Carnal the confession of his baseness and her husband's honour. The passages of Indian warfare are very spirited, and indeed there is not a weak incident nor an ill-drawn character in the book.

"The Waters of Edera." By Ouida. London: Unwin. 1900. 6s.

This novel, conceived in Ouida's later style, is the sad story of Italian peasants who, born and bred on the banks of a beautiful river, learn that its waters are to be turned into another course and so taken from them for ever. The description of the river Edera is enthralling, and of the village Ruscino most realistic. The priest, Don Silverio, is a noble type of man well drawn. But the book gives us the impression of having been hastily written, and the reiteration of the same not very striking ideas in the same slightly "banal" language is wearisome. The exaggeration with which Ouida wildly inveighs against governments, armies and civilisation, tends to alienate sympathies which are surely with her in her championship of the down-trodden sons of the soil.

"My Lady and Allen Darke." By Charles Donne Gibson. London: Macmillan. 1899. 6s.

In this story of a shipwrecked man, cast upon an unknown island, we miss the garrulous monkeys, weird four-footed beasts, and bread fruit trees, that should adorn such a tale. Instead, we are confronted with many negroes, two civilised if slightly insane, white people and their tiresome manservant, whose clumsy, ineffectual efforts to murder the hero, point to a lack of imagination on the part of the author. The language of the book is stilted, and sometimes the metaphors are a little mixed, as, for instance, "the clew to this coil."

"In Chimney Corners." By Seumas MacManus. London: Harper. 1899. 6s.

The blend of humour and pathos in all things Irish is emphasised by this collection of merry tales of folk-



lore. These legends never degenerate into the grim and horrible, they are all at a delightful distance from reality; and the mind never gets a shock: the ready-witted Irish lad inevitably turns up smiling at the end of all his trial tests. The pathetic little preface to this collection is admirably appreciative of the tears and smiles that chase each other so closely in the higher types of Irish character.

### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Life and Works of Charlotte Brontë and her Sisters." With Introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Notes by Clement Shorter. The Haworth Edition. London: Smith, Elder. 1899. 7 vols. 6s. each.

Who to-day reads "Jane Eyre" or "Wuthering Heights" or any other of the works of the sisters Brontë? The question is one which many people ask. It suggests its own answer. But the answer is misleading. A recent Life of the Brontës showed that the interest in their work has hardly suffered by the lapse of time and now the capital Haworth Edition, of which five volumes have already been issued, bears fresh witness to the abiding claims of the Brontës on the novel-reading public. Mrs. Humphry Ward's introductory essays are worth perusal for their own sake, and calculated to please both those who are already familiar with the novels and those who will make their acquaintance for the first time through the new edition. Mrs. Ward strikes a right note in her remarks on "Shirley" when she says that "the central claim, the redeeming spell of all Charlotte Brontë's work . . . lies not so much in the thing written, to speak in paradoxes, as in the temper and heat of the writer." Technical faultiness of form is to Mrs. Ward one of the elements of charm in the works. "The romantic inequalities," she writes in introducing "Wuthering Heights," "the romantic alternations of power and weakness which these books show, appeal to those deep and mingled instincts of the English mind which have produced our rich, violent, faulty incomparable English literature." Equally as suffering women and as writers, the Brontës claim a place in British hearts.

"The Beacon Biographies." Edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. London: Kegan Paul. 1899. 2s. 6d. per vol.

The general title of this series is not above reproach. It has a flavour of aggressive "cuteness." But the books themselves are models of conciseness, handiness, readableness, type, and so far as we have been able to test them, authenticity. The subjects are "those Americans whose personalities have impressed themselves most deeply on the character and history of their country." Each volume is prefaced with a portrait and includes a list of important dates. The story of "Phillips Brooks," of Harvard, orator, traveller and divine—one of the few great men who, though living in troublous times, have been shielded from the petty concerns and cares which hamper the majority of mankind—is told by the editor. Lucy Larcom wrote of Brooks "To look up into his honest clear eyes was like seeing the steady lights in a watch tower." Hence probably the title of the series. The biography of "David Farragut," first admiral of the U.S. navy, is the work of Mr. James Barnes; that of "Robert E. Lee" is written by Mr. W. P. Trent who tells us that he questioned the full greatness of Lee till he began to study the General's life closely. In dealing with "Daniel Webster," America's greatest orator, Mr. Norman Hapgood gives special emphasis to the simpler and more popular phases in the career of his subject and in treating Webster's personal life and private traits Mr. Hapgood's desire has been to "select what is reasonably beyond dispute." Mr. Edward E. Hale, jun., writes with cogency and force of the life and work of "J. R. Lowell."

"Arabesques: a Perspective." By Cyprian Cope. London: Smithers. 1899. 14s. net.

Mr. Cyprian Cope has jotted down various self-satisfied impressions of trite and uninteresting subjects—and now they appear in very large print on very thick paper. What it all has to do with arabesques we do not know. The preface, which is rashly called "an argument," informs us that "upon an afternoon not many years ago a number of correctly bred and irreproachably dressed persons met in a Gothic villa of signorial dimensions, among pine trees by the English Channel." Among them were the author and a lady, to whose "oval face in two pale tints of hyacinth, white and pink . . . the Idalian apple belonged." Someone asked "our hyacinth" what was her nationality and the author claimed her as a compatriot. "'What is your nationality?' she asked. 'The nationality of all the enlightened,' I said hardily. . . . 'Arabs,' said I." And so "the word which proved so fortunately sedative of disagreement in the house among the pines is godfather to this perspective of impressions; these crudities of black and white."

"The Stock Exchange Official Intelligence for 1900" (London: Spottiswoode) gives us both quantity and quality. It is what it purports to be: "A revised précis of information regarding British, American and foreign securities"—the differentiation by the way of "American" and "foreign" is naïve. The work covers the whole field of Stock Exchange interests, from national debts to the smallest of joint-stock enterprises. An article on "Crown Colonies" which explains the responsibilities and liabilities of the Colony and the Mother Country in financial matters is of peculiar interest, as the editor points out, at a time when "the relation of the Colonies in general to the Mother Country may be affected by the war in South Africa and the imperial spirit it has aroused." Other articles deal with Company Law, Indian Finance, and Municipal and County Finance. The volume is of first-rate importance, and the work of bringing it up to date must seriously increase every year.

### SOME THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

"Ad Rem! Thoughts for Critical Times in the Church." By H. Hensley Henson. London: Wells Gardner. 1899. 3s. 6d.

The Rev. Hensley Henson has collected a series of addresses on the Crisis in the Church and the controversy with Rome, on the higher criticism of the Old Testament, the Dreyfus case, and other subjects, all introduced by a preface in which he tells us how he foresaw the crisis and noted and observed and felt a good many of the other things. The sermons are full of the characteristics—we had almost said the mannerisms—of the preacher; they are vigorous, not to say pugnacious; he assures us, though the assurance is needless, that he "yields to none" on various points, and he "submits" divers propositions to his hearers in anything but a submissive tone; and wherever there is a "crisis" or a perilous or ominous state of things, there is he. Yet he is the master of a very real eloquence, an eloquence which his obvious earnestness and intense loyalty to the Church of England raises above the level of mere rhetoric; and though we may not find anything strikingly original or profound in this volume—indeed the sermons have a habit of stopping just as we seem coming to the point—yet the position of our Church is put before us with clearness and power, and supported with more than average learning.

"The Ecumenical Documents of the Faith." Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. H. Bindley. London: Methuen. 1899. 6s.

The undergraduate who can assimilate the contents of this volume will have little to fear from the examiners in the Honours School of Theology. Hitherto he has had to read most of his dogmatic "texts" in the "De fide et symbolo" of Dr. Heurtley. The early creeds and the treatises there collected were certainly most valuable and they were printed in a handy form; but the introductions were extremely short, quite insufficient indeed for a student beginning the subject, and there were no notes. Mr. Bindley prints the Creed of Nicaea and a number of other early creeds, the Epistles of Cyril, the tome of Leo, and the Chalcedonian definition of faith, with full introductions, analyses, notes, and dissertations, bristling with references to and quotations from the Fathers. Indeed if Dr. Heurtley erred on the side of defect we almost doubt whether Mr. Bindley has not erred on that of excess; and the work might gain in usefulness to the ordinary student were it somewhat compressed; but it will be invaluable to a tutor. The work seems thoroughly well done, and we congratulate the editor on the completion of a task that must have cost him many years' hard labour.

"A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life." By William Law. With Introduction by C. Bigg. London: Methuen. 1899. 2s.

This is a very beautiful reprint of the first edition of the "Serious Call." Though of a smaller size—for this volume will go into the pocket—the contents of each page are the same, and the spelling and the archaic use of capital letters and italics have been carefully preserved. They serve to remind the reader, as Dr. Bigg remarks in his Introduction, that Law wrote in the eighteenth century and not in the nineteenth; and that is a fact of some importance. And Dr. Bigg's Introduction is almost ideal; not too long, and yet telling us all that we must know about William Law himself, his opinions, and his writings, if we wish to read aright the "Serious Call." It is given to few to write a good introduction; but Dr. Bigg certainly stands high among those few.

"Gleanings in Holy Fields." By Hugh Macmillan. London: Macmillan. 1899. 3s. 6d.

Dr. Macmillan has given us the results of a tour in Palestine, in the shape of a number of descriptions of places he visited, with appropriate moral reflexions on each. The descriptions are excellent, but the "practical applications of the subject" are of the nature of platitudes served up in somewhat flowery language. The Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, the first view of Damascus from the Lebanon hills, the Convent of Mar Saba—these are described in language which is really vivid and

poetic; then afterwards we are told that "most of the divisions and alienations among men arise from the inequalities of rank and fortune and privilege," or that "human life has always been held cheap, and perhaps never cheaper than now;" notes of admiration abound—"how true is this procedure to human nature! how many of us act in the same way!" &c. A good deal of curious information is collected in the later chapters, but the author's knowledge seems rather extensive than exact. The Lewis Syriac palimpsest of the Gospels is quoted as "the Syriac Codex," as if it were the only Syriac codex in existence; S. Benedict of Nursia appears as S. Benedict of Mercia (p. 239); the soldiers who consulted John the Baptist were engaged in the war between Herod and Aretas (p. 117), though that war did not take place till after the Baptist's death. But no doubt a large portion of the public will buy the book and find it excellent Sunday reading; and certainly it can do them no harm.

#### THE MARCH REVIEWS.

The war is spreading—in the monthly periodicals. Not only the more serious reviews, but the lighter magazines are now concerning themselves with phases of the conflict in South Africa. In "Macmillan's" Lieut.-Col. Willoughby Verner deals picturesquely with the splendid work of the Naval Brigade at Graspan and in "Scribner's" Mr. H. J. Whigham describes the fighting with Methuen's division; in the "Cornhill" Mr. Spenser Wilkinson discusses the question of Surprise in Warfare and in "Harper's" a very interesting glimpse is given of Pretoria on the eve of the War; even "The Humanitarian," the "Idler" and the "Positivist" devote more or less important and suggestive pages to the consideration of war problems; the "Strand" describes the flags of our forces at the front; the "Pall Mall Magazine" in giving some account of leaders at the front has been misled into placing Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles HOLLID-SMITH at the head of the Australian Contingent. Sir Charles HOLLID-SMITH has not gone to the front, and there is no Australian Contingent, but there are contingents representing the several Colonies as readers of our article on Imperial Irregulars will remember.

Of the papers in the larger reviews that by Colonel F. N. MAUDE in the "Contemporary" is likely to command most attention. He examines scientifically the question of modern tactics and modern arms and points out that "the extraordinary consequence" of successive improvements in weapons has been that the cost of victory in killed and wounded has steadily decreased, "until in the late actions in South Africa we have seen frontal attacks, when not hampered by physically insurmountable obstacles—such as rivers ten feet deep or precipitous mountain sides—succeeding at a cost of life beyond comparison less than any hitherto recorded in fights between equally well-armed and physically fairly-matched white races." How this happens we must leave Colonel MAUDE himself to explain in his able summary of the historical evolution of tactics. Superiority of rifle fire both as regards range and rapidity does not accomplish what was both expected and feared from it. When Prussia with inferior weapons faced France in 1870, the Prussians believed they were going to certain death. The genius of a great artilleryman, "who invented a system of combined tactics and ranging," saved the situation and ensured victory. A fact such as that in some measure serves to qualify the fears which will be roused by Mr. Baillie GROHMAN's denunciation in the "Fortnightly" of the service rifle as one of the chief causes of our reverses. It does not however afford any excuse for continuing to employ a rifle which Mr. GROHMAN says "has the lowest muzzle velocity, worst trajectory, least penetration, by a long way the slowest fire when once the magazine is emptied, weakest breech bolt, least rigid woodwork, worst trigger pull and worst sights even when they are properly aligned." The rifle is only one of the many things that will have to be seen to when the authorities are again in a position to institute reform. There is the question of the efficiency of the War Office itself, strenuously attacked by Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER in the "National;" the possible necessity of putting in force the Militia ballot, advocated by Mr. SIDNEY LOW in the "Nineteenth" with a view to secure without resort to conscription a sufficient body of drilled men; the future of mounted infantry, whose claims are urged by Lord DENMAN in the "Nineteenth;" and the relations of Colonial and Imperial forces on which Lieut.-Colonel J. F. OWEN and "C. de Thierry" write respectively in the "Fortnightly" and the "United Service Magazine." "Why should England be surprised at the willingness of the Colonies to fight," says C. de Thierry, "or be surprised that they are proving the best fighting material in the world?" If for "England" we substitute the War Office the question may stand. Col. MAUDE in the "Contemporary" sums up the matter in an incidental allusion. "We are creating an Imperial force because the Colonies show that they wish it." What the Colonies have done and are doing in a military way, General OWEN explains at some length. We are glad he supports the idea we advanced as to a possible interchange of organised Colonial and Imperial units. In recent criticisms of Lord LANSLOWNE and the War Office, one excellent reform, we are reminded by "Ad-

ministrator" in the "Fortnightly" has been overlooked. The grievances of the Medical Corps were grappled with a year ago in an enlightened spirit by the Secretary of State, and the gratification of the medical men is amply proved by the manner in which they have volunteered for service at the front. In assisting to secure recognition of the rights of the Medical Corps "Blackwood" rendered no mean service, and an article in the March issue on the work of the corps will be studied in the assurance that it is both just and well-informed.

As to what is to be done with the Boers after the war, speculation is perhaps a little premature yet. Certainly little good will result from the article in "Blackwood" which suggests that we should turn South Africa into a species of India, governed by a Viceroy and Council responsible to a Secretary of State for South Africa. Such a Government would in the nature of things be a negation of autonomy, leaving the separate Colonies very little more power than is enjoyed by a County Council. The subject is an exceedingly delicate one, and the ultimate decision will depend to some extent on the terms on which peace is concluded. There is of course always the possibility, though not the probability, that Europe may discover some excuse for intervention. Sir ROWLAND BLANNERHASSETT in the "National" traces European hatred for England to Germany and the hatred of Germany to the bad faith of England in 1762 when Lord Bute intrigued with the enemies of Frederic the Great, then the ally of England. It is however, says Sir ROWLAND who knows Germany thoroughly, "fairly certain that Germany will not join any combination against England if she thinks that England will resist by force of arms if necessary." According to an anonymous writer in the "Fortnightly" England to-day wants statesmen: there is nothing to fear if leaders are ready to take courageous and efficient decisions. "Party government, no more than democracy, stands in the way of the British Empire, if statesmen are forthcoming who can see how to use the institutions that we have." Of other articles in the reviews Sir JOHN COLOMB'S in the "National" on "Waste and Confusion in the Navy" and the Rev. G. S. REANEY'S in the "Nineteenth" on "Civil and Moral Benefits of Drill" should be specially noted. The object of the latter is to create "not soldiers but citizens;" but in creating the one he could not fail to improve the material available in a crisis for the creation of the other. Next to the war, Mr. RUSKIN is the chief feature of the reviews. In the "Fortnightly" Mr. H. H. STATHAM regards him as a "prose-poet" who was an unsafe guide in art matters. "It was said of a late great statesman that he was a most conscientious man, but that unfortunately he had so many consciences. It may be said of Ruskin that while he wrote always with passionate earnestness of conviction, he had so many convictions." Miss JULIA WEDGEWOOD whilst impressed with Ruskin's many-sidedness treats him mainly from a religious point of view. "Blackwood" on the other hand is frankly critical. He is described as arrogant, pedantic, and a spoilt child; "Præterita" reminds the reviewer of Rousseau's "Confessions" in so far as it shows "the intense and overwhelming interest which the author takes in his subject." Mr. W. J. STILLMAN in an article in the "International Monthly" on "Art as a Means of Expression" seems to describe Ruskin in a phrase when he speaks of him as "a profound if eccentric and somewhat illogical thinker." Mrs. HUGH BELL'S reflections in the "Nineteenth" on the "Difficulties incidental to Middle Age" are very much to the point: men and women who have left their youth behind them will find a good deal to interest them in her pages.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Le Colporteur.* By Guy de Maupassant. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 3f. 50c.

It was outside Paris—between Argenteuil and Asnières—that Guy de Maupassant met the colporteur or pedlar who plays the chief part in the first chapter of this volume of short stories. Both were glad to walk together—for it was long after midnight and the way, at that time, is only frequented by sinister fellows. At first they suspected one another but, after accounting for their presence, became friends. En route, the pedlar told his story: told how he had sold his merchandise at a highly profitable price, how he was returning to his house and his wife, earlier than he had expected. His was the most peaceful of homes; his wife the purest and most perfect of women, he was glad to get back, while she would rejoice at his unexpected return and congratulate him on his good fortune and make good use of his gold. When the first house at Asnières came in view, the pedlar invited his companion to enter his home for a while and to drink a glass of hot wine; he would take no refusal and after opening his door led Maupassant upstairs. "Elle dort," he said fondly, "Bluette, ma femme"—but he was so proud of Bluette that he called her hoping she would come. She, however, did not reply; and so the pedlar went downstairs to the cellar, leaving Maupassant alone. He—at once touched by the pedlar's devotion—was horrified a few minutes later when a man crept from Bluette's room, and

(Continued on page 310.)



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disappeared. Still, he drank with the pedlar, did not even hint at Bluet's treachery, then took his leave. "Alors," he soliloquised, "je m'en allai, trébuchant dans l'escalier, comme l'autre était parti, dont je fus le complice. Et en me remettant en route vers Paris, je songeai que je venais de voir dans ce taudis une scène de l'éternel drame qui se joue tous les jours, sous toutes les formes, dans tous les mondes." . . . Some dozen stories follow, all written in the most masterly prose, yet all melancholy. There were tender touches in "Père Milon," but there are none here. A great gloom must have settled upon Flaubert's pupil before he sat down to produce these strong but harrowing studies.

*Les Noces d'Yolanthe.* By H. Sudermann. Translated by MM. W. Valentin and M. Rémon. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50c.

Although Sudermann's powerful style must necessarily suffer through translation, we have to congratulate MM. Valentin and Rémon on the highly literary and capable manner in which they have treated this remarkable work. It consists only of a series of short stories, of which "Les Noces d'Yolanthe" is the first—but for strength, for insight, for perfect understanding of the life it depicts and of the characters it portrays, it may well compare with anything that Maupassant, the French master of short stories, has ever done. The bluff German, the arrogant German, the German officer, the sentimental German girl, all are drawn in the most masterly style; while the sketch entitled "L'Automne" is a triumph of descriptive skill. "Heavy" is the epithet applied by most Parisians to the works of Sudermann, Hauptmann, and other great German writers, but as the condemnation comes only from sheer ignorance of them and since the Librairie Calmann Lévy has undertaken to dispel it by the publication of a number of principal German novels, we imagine that they will enjoy much future popularity.

*Le Lys d'Or.* By Louis Létang. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50c.

This, without doubt, is a wild and wilful novel. Antoine de Bude has a secret cavern in which he makes diamonds; no one but Saladin, a dumb servant, knows about it. Still, one day, Antoine de Bude feels that he is going to die, and takes his daughter (whom he calls tragically Claire de Bude) into his confidence. Together, they pass into the cavern; Saladin, most faithful of menials, following. Everything shines! In the background there is another cavern, containing a vat of boiling silver!! Suddenly, brigands burst in, and they bind Antoine de Bude and Claire de Bude and the dumb Saladin!!! The brigands, avaricious scoundrels, rejoice at the glitter; then rush into the other cavern to see if it does not contain even still more priceless valuables. One falls into the vat, and shrieks. Antoine de Bude presses a spring, and lo! the brigands are locked in. Antoine de Bude dies, however. It follows, of course, that the very beautiful Claire de Bude is persecuted by the brigands (who escape), and that many amazing adventures and tragedies take place. Gipsies, moreover, appear upon the scene and there is much ado about a mysterious marriage—so much, in fact, that the author threatens to clear it in another book. As he seems to be utterly bewildered already, we fear, and hope too, that he will never accomplish as much.

*Œuvres Complètes de Paul Bourget. II. Etudes et Portraits.* Paris: Plon. 1900. 8f.

Admirable were M. Bourget's first studies of famous authors, and these of Pascal, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, George Sand, &c., are no less thoughtful, no less masterly. While many may not agree with the author's criticism of some of their works, no one can underestimate M. Bourget's vast knowledge of French literature or deny the value of his opinion. There are lighter chapters in this bulky volume, however: and they are descriptive of M. Bourget's many sojourns in England, Ireland, and Scotland. Leaving lakes, bogs, and moors, he travels to London and observes moods and manners, and studies the man in the street. He drives in a hansom. He loiters among the orators of Hyde Park. He explores clubs. He swallows the smoke of the Metropolitan. He watches the Jubilee. He views and he reflects, and he has certainly obtained a very good idea of London. These chapters, we may add, appeared originally in the "Journal des Débats," and as far back as 1884 and 1897. But they, like everything M. Bourget has done, are well worth reprinting; and we look forward to the four subsequent volumes that are to complete this admirable edition of his past works.

*Rève de Printemps.* By Adrienne Cambray. Paris: Plon. 1900. 3f. 50c.

This is the diary of an extremely foolish young lady of eighteen. She falls in love with a society painter, and is for ever admiring his "beaux yeux." He, however, does not return her love, and so—after many an outburst—she returns to her village, where she marries a depressing but worthy young fellow. We cannot sympathise with her, because she deserved her fate. The story that has a duke as principal character is a more intelligent piece of work, but there is no reason why it should ever have been written.

*Imitations.* By Comte Léon Tolstoi. Translated by E. Halperine-Kaminsky. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 3f. 50c.

From the translator's preface to this volume of sketches, it would appear that Comte Tolstoi has borrowed his themes and then enlarged and improved upon them. Thus, we have a new version of a Buddhist fable, of a story by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, of a scene witnessed by Guy de Maupassant at Monte Carlo, and so on. How far they have been improved upon we will leave the translator to explain; we, ourselves, think only that they have been distorted and spoilt—there is also no small amount of vanity and impudence about the thing.

*Revue des Deux Mondes.* 1 Mars. 3f.

The world in general must be getting tired of articles on the war but here is another by M. Desjardins on its aspects from the point of view of International Law. From him we should have expected a more judicial exposition than we have. We learn that the English have used the "Dum dum" against the Boers, that the virtuous Mr. Kruger has refused to allow the latter to retaliate, that consignments of these bullets have been prepared for South Africa at Woolwich, &c. &c. To substantiate his assertions this impartial member of the "Academy of Moral Sciences" appeals to the "Standard and Diggers' News," "La Liberté" and "les journaux" passim! We are also gravely informed that the independence of the Boer Republics may well be recognised by the Powers because Mr. Labouchere demanded it "dans un article publié par le Truth" and the American Senate has adopted a resolution to this effect. This is the stuff palmed off as "International Law" on the cultivated French reader! There is a very able and discriminating article on Annibale Caracci and his work by M. de Navenne.

*Revue de Paris.* 1 Mars. 2f. 50c.

M. Achille Viallate has undertaken the formidable task of giving a complete sketch of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' career. It is not finished in the number before us, however, and so it would be untimely to congratulate him on the impartiality of his work. He has, indeed, only concerned himself with an account of Mr. Rhodes' early days in South Africa, and although this makes interesting reading enough, we are led to expect a "startling" account of his manoeuvres in the diamond fields and of his "appropriation" of Kimberley. "Léa," M. Marcel Prévost's novel, is perhaps the best he has yet written. It does not depend on offensive features (as in his previous works) to win the attention of the blasé Parisian reader.

*Revue des Revues.* 1 Mars. 1f. 30c.

"L'Impôt du Sang en Angleterre" is the title of Mr. Stead's article which, supported in the last pages of this review by a number of anti-English caricatures, leads one to expect a fierce condemnation of the policy of the English Government. Nor are one's expectations disappointed—all that Mr. Stead has written in his paper, all that he has proclaimed from the platform of Exeter Hall, reappears. There is more wisdom in M. Pellissier's article on "L'Homme de Lettres dans le Roman Français Moderne."

*Revue Bleue.* 3 Mars. 60c.

An able article on "Le Féminisme en Europe" is the principal contribution to this popular review, while papers on Paul Hervieu and certain American "types" are well worth reading.

For This Week's Books see page 312.

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Report on the Adoption of the Gold Standard in Japan (Count Matsukata Masayoshi). Tokio: The Government Press.

Stock Exchange Official Intelligence, 1900. Spottiswoode and Co.

Symbolist Movement in Literature, The (Arthur Symons). Heinemann.

Temple Cyclopædic Primers, The:—Roman History (Dr. Julius Koch); Introduction to Science (Alex. Hill). Dent. 1s. net each.

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The dates on which the further payments will be required are as follows:—

£5 10s. per cent. on	Monday,	26th March,	1900.
15	"	9th April,	"
10	"	Thursday, 3rd May,	"
10	"	Friday, 8th June,	"
15	"	Tuesday, 10th July,	"
10	"	Thursday, 9th August,	"
10	"	Friday, 7th September,	"
10	"	Monday, 8th October,	"
10	"	Thursday, 8th November,	"

The instalments may be paid in full on, or after, the 9th April, 1900, under discount at the rate of £2 per cent. per annum.

In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposit and the instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Scrip Certificates to bearer, with Coupons attached for the dividends payable on the 5th July and 5th October, 1900, will be issued in exchange for the provisional receipts.

These Scrip Certificates to bearer can be inscribed (in other words, can be converted into Stock), as soon as they have been paid in full; or, they may be exchanged for Bonds to bearer after the 5th October, 1900.

Bonds to bearer will have quarterly Coupons attached. The first Coupon will be that for the Dividend payable on the 5th January, 1901.

Inscribed Stock will be convertible into Bonds to bearer at any time after the 5th October next, without payment of any fee; and Bonds to bearer can be inscribed, or, in other words, converted into Stock, on payment of a fee of one shilling per Bond.

Applications must be for even hundreds of Stock; but the Stock, once inscribed, will be transferable in any sums which are multiples of a penny, as in Consols.

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The Inscribed Stock is an investment authorised by "The Trustee Act, 1893."

Applications must be on printed forms, which may be obtained at the Bank of England, and the Bank of Ireland, or at any of their Branches; at any of the London Banks; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall & Co., 4 Lombard Street, London, E.C.; or of any of the principal Stockbrokers.

BANK OF ENGLAND,  
9th March, 1900.



# HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

## SIXTY-NINTH REPORT

Of the Court of Directors to the Ordinary Half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Hall, Hongkong, on the 17th February, 1900.

### TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have now to submit to you a General Statement of the affairs of the Bank, and Balance-Sheet for the half-year ending 31st December, 1899.

The net profits for that period, including \$963,532.06, balance brought forward from last account, after paying all charges, deducting interest paid and due, and making provision for bad and doubtful accounts, amount to \$3,118,624.31.

The Directors recommend the transfer of \$500,000 from the Profit and Loss Account to credit of Reserve Fund, which Fund will then stand at \$11,500,000.

After making this transfer and deducting Remuneration to Directors, there remains for appropriation \$2,603,624.31, out of which the Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of One Pound and Ten Shillings Sterling per Share, which at 4s. 6d. will absorb \$533,333.33, and a Bonus of Ten Shillings Sterling per Share, which at 4s. 6d. will absorb \$177,777.78.

The difference in Exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the Dividend and Bonus are declared, and 1s. 11d., the rate of the day, amounts to \$931,669.64.

The Balance \$960,843.56 to be carried to New Profit and Loss Account.

#### DIRECTORS.

Mr. N. A. SIEBS has been elected Chairman for the year 1900, and Mr. R. SHEWAN, Deputy-Chairman.

Mr. E. SHELLIM and Mr. ROBERT H. HILL having resigned their seats, Mr. D. M. MOSES and Mr. R. L. RICHARDSON have been invited to fill the vacancies; these appointments require confirmation at this Meeting.

Mr. A. HAUPT, Mr. A. McCONACHIE and Mr. P. SACHSE retire in rotation, but being eligible for re-election offer themselves accordingly.

#### AUDITORS.

The accounts have been audited by Mr. F. HENDERSON and Mr. A. G. WOOD, the latter acting for Mr. C. S. SHARP, who is absent from the Colony.

Mr. F. HENDERSON offers himself for re-election, so also does Mr. C. S. SHARP, who is shortly returning to the Colony.

R. M. GRAY,  
Chairman.

HONGKONG, 29th January, 1900.

### Abstract of Assets and Liabilities, Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation.

31st December, 1899.

LIABILITIES		ASSETS.	
Paid-up Capital .. .. .	\$10,000,000.00	Cash .. .. .	\$26,557,627.53
Reserve Fund .. .. .	11,000,000.00	Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government against Note Circulation in excess of \$10,000,000 .. .. .	5,000,000.00
Marine Insurance Account .. .. .	250,000.00	Bullion in Hand and in Transit .. .. .	8,168,689.07
Notes in Circulation:—		Indian Government Rupee Paper .. .. .	4,107,887.97
Authorised Issue against Securities deposited with the Crown Agents for the Colonies .. .. .	\$10,000,000.00	Colonial and Other Securities .. .. .	3,619,752.08
Additional Issue authorised by Hongkong Ordinance No. 1 of 1899, against Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government .. .. .	2,642,716.00	Investments, viz:—	
Current Accounts { Silver .. .. .	\$60,978,962.45	£250,000 .. .. . 2½ Per Cent. Consols, Lodged with the Bank of England as a Special London Reserve, at 95 £237,500 .. .. .	\$1,900,000.00
Gold .. .. .	£1,676,675 12s. 11d. = 17,197,354.76	£522,500 .. .. . 2½ Per Cent. Consols, at 90 £470,250 .. .. .	4,702,300.00
Fixed Deposits { Silver .. .. .	\$34,290,651.51	£347,500 .. .. . Other Sterling Securities standing in the books at £339,750 .. .. .	3,397,500.00
Gold .. .. .	£4,294,675 13s. 6d. = 44,079,496.78		
Bills Payable (including Drafts on London Bankers and Short Sight Drawings on London Office against Bills Receivable and Bullion Shipments) .. .. .	14,737,113.75		
Profit and Loss Account .. .. .	3,118,624.31	Bills Discounted, Loans and Credits .. .. .	10,000,000.00
Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £5,470,595 13s. 6d., of which up to this date £3,770,029 1s. 6d. have run off.		Bills Receivable .. .. .	59,713,635.01
		Bank Premises .. .. .	90,907,891.94
			219,435.96
	\$208,294,919.56		\$208,294,919.56

### General Profit and Loss Account, Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation.

31st December, 1899.

Dr.		Cr.
To Amounts Written Off:—		By Balance of Undivided Profits, 30th June, 1899 ..
Remuneration to Directors .. .. .	\$15,000.00	\$963,532.06
Dividend Account:—		„ Amount of Net Profits for the Six months ending
£1 10s. per Share on 80,000 Shares = £120,000 at 4s. 6d. ..	\$533,333.33	31st December, 1899, after making provision for
Bonus of 10s. per Share on 80,000 Shares = £40,000 at		bad and doubtful debts, deducting all expenses
4s. 6d. .... ..	177,777.78	and interest paid and due .. .. .
		<u>2,155,092.25</u>
Dividend Adjustment Account:—	713,111.11	\$3,118,624.31
Difference in Exchange between 4s. 6d., the rate at which the		
Dividend and Bonus are declared, and 1s. 11d., the current rate		
of the day .. .. .	931,669.64	
Transfer to Reserve Fund .. .. .	500,000.00	
Balance carried forward to next half-year .. .. .	960,843.56	
	\$3,118,624.31	\$3,118,624.31

#### Reserve Fund.

To Balance .. .. .	\$11,500,000.00	By Balance, 30th June, 1899 .. .. .	\$11,000,000.00
		Transfer from Profit and Loss Account .. .. .	500,000.00
	\$11,500,000.00		\$11,500,000.00

T. JACKSON, Chief Manager.

J. C. PETER, Acting Chief Accountant.

We have compared the above Statement with the Books, Vouchers and Securities at the Head Office, and with the Returns from the various Branches and Agencies, and have found the same to be correct.

HONGKONG, 29th January, 1900.

R. M. GRAY,  
N. A. SIEBS,  
ROBT. SHEWAN, } Directors.

F. HENDERSON,  
A. G. WOOD, } Auditors.

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